National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

S. H. GAY,
OLIVER JOHNSON, } .... Editors.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor.

VOL. XIV. NO. 38.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1854.

WHOLE NO. 714.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, on Saturday, by the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, at their office, No. 142 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK. Terms, *Two Dollars* per annum. Printed, for the American Anti-Slavery Society, by NORRIS & JOHNSTON, printers, No. 21 Spruce street, New York.

Pro-Slavery.

MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Correspondence of the New York Daily Times.

BOSTON, Friday, Jan. 27, 1854.

[illegible] institutions with its customary [illegible] holding its tendance at the Melodeon has been rather thin and frost-bitten; not, however, without a little warming up, on occasions. It is recorded of Tristram Shandy's father that a grievance which gave him free scope for talking was as welcome as a benefit which left him no excuse for the same. And on something of the same principle, I think, Mr. Garrison was mentally cheered by that frank heresy of Mr. Mitchel, propounded in his paper, the *Citizen*. It was a very seasonable occurrence indeed—that paragraph—and was vigorously improved. A series of resolutions declared Mr. M. a mock rebel—a holiday patriot—a wolf in sheep's clothing—a slave-driver, and other things, almost as severe as Ernulphus's curse, and in the usual strain of our abolishers and demolishers. One of the resolutions dropped a tear to the memory of the great and lamented O'Connell, whom Mr. Garrison contrasted favourably with the agitators of the younger school of Irish patriots. Mr. Daniel Kemp, an Irishman, spoke to the resolutions, and said he had been to visit Mr. M., but had changed his opinion of him. Mitchel's conduct did not meet his views. He had his own suspicions of that escape from bondage; it was effected too easily. Because there was something in that gentleman's movements which he (Mr. Kemp) did not understand, he believed there was something wrong. This, you perceive, is a course of thought and logical conclusion not confined to the Kemps. The speaker meant to convey that Mr. M. came off, as it were, on sufferance, or with a certain degree of connivance; and he declared it his opinion that the exile was false to his principles, and a traitor to *Erin go bragh*. These observations seemed refreshing to those present, and were well received. Mr. Barker came next; and if his bite is very much worse than his bark, he ought to be muzzled, under the dog act. He fell upon the editor of the *Citizen* with great bitterness—bombarded him exceedingly with bad language. Then came Mr. W. Brown, a perfervid Scot, who said he had long admired Mr. Mitchel's portrait, but had now demolished it. He said something foolish or coarse, like Young France, or Young Germany, about having first placed it alongside a sacred likeness—the silly, enthusiastic Brown that he was. Mr. John Cluer, another North British Celt or Pict, then got up and delivered his commination. After whom Mr. Kemp again took the stand, and amused the audience by laughing at the Young Irelands, as a headlong, conceited, wrangling set of fellows, who could never agree sensibly on anything. He had himself joined them, to try and bring them to order; but he could do nothing with them. Foss, Mellen, Mr. Remond of Salem, and others, also used their flails, and the subject was smartly threshed between them. Mr. Garrison, in his remarks during the sessions, joined heartily in the denunciation of Mr. M., and said the Irish were not naturally friends of Slavery, but they were led away by demagogues and other advisors. Garrison is one of the austere, trenchant men—one of those described by Lord Byron, who rest ingloriously when they have nobody to fight with—who are up on their hind legs at every man's turn, and flying in the face of society—Malays, tipsy with moral *bang*, and running *a mok* through the crowd, in a conscientious, straight line. That gentleman is a particular hater of cant. With Dr. Johnson, he clears his mind from cant. Such being the case, he ought to be more lenient to one who, in that rather excellent respect, resembles himself, and whose unbalmy declaration about the Alabama negroes was certainly made more in a sort of proud impatience of what is cant in the mouths of too many, than with any desire to be master of a house-full of human cattle. It is said people think according to education, but act according to individual habit. Mr. Mitchel would not be himself as a master of slaves; he would probably bid them all clear out of his premises. But in order to affront a certain cant of society, he frankly dares what others would shrink from.

During these sessions, Rev. Mr. Stockman, pastor of a come-outer society, in the Western part of this State, brought railing accusations against the Churches for their lukewarmness in the matter of Slavery; but when he attempted to say some harsh things of Webster, he was stopped by hisses. Mr. Wendell Phillips lamented the defection of a third part of the Abolition hosts, in the falling away of the Free Soilers. The Abolitionists had only to close up their diminished ranks, and carry on the war by re-educating the Anti-Slavery heart of the Commonwealth. He said he agreed with Mr. Henry Wilson, who, on the defeat of the Constitution, said nothing was left them but to go lecturing through all the towns. Mr. Everett had gone out of the right way, lured by a prospect of the Presidency; Mr. Winthrop was asleep, and should be awakened, and Mr. Choate's heart was in the coffin there with Webster. Lecturing was the only resource. He ended by asking for funds—that is, for money. This had a very depressing effect on the audience. Men, with subscription papers, now went about, and one of them presenting his docket at Abby Folsom, she was urged to stand and deliver—not cash, but her sentiments, which were decidedly against paying anything for the membership of that Society. This had a brightening effect on the audience. She contended that nothing was wanting for the cause but freedom of speech—liberty to talk enough. She ended of her own accord; it was the first time, for years, that the people about her would allow her to finish her speech—which, for that reason, may be allowed to have spoken volumes.

In the course of the business, resolutions were passed respecting the doughty Douglas, and the two States *in posse*—Mesilla and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise—concerning which last, it was declared, as Lord Chatham used to declare in his lofty tantrums, to frighten George III., that there was nothing for it but a general kick-up and hurly-burly of the sovereign *demos*. That Nebraska business is full of cheerful promise for the Garrisons. They thought their occupation was almost gone in 1850; but the wind is rising again, and Mother Carey's chickens, in the midst of the coming tornado, will be as busy as before.

AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19, 1854.

THE anniversary of this great national philanthropic association was held on Tuesday evening in the Rev. Mr. Butler's Church, Mr. John H. B. Latrobe, the new President, in the chair. An unusually large number of delegates attended from all sections of the Union. An abstract of the annual report was read, and afforded a most encouraging exhibit of the last year's proceedings—over $82,000 were announced as the receipts—*a larger annual sum than ever*. Several expeditions have sailed for Africa, with nearly 1,000 emigrants.

We would call the attention of your Abolition friends to the fact that hundreds of these were emancipated for this purpose—marching on the highway of honour to their fatherland, and not journeying to a land of imaginary freedom, by a dark, secret, and wicked "underground line," which shuns the light of day, and violates the laws. Their attention, too, is directed to the fact that several thousand dollars were given by their owners, to prepare the emigrants for their voyage. We hear much of the sufferings of these underground travellers, and their destitution in Canada, after they have emerged once more into the light of day. But, like all secret societies, little is known about its operations. The Liberian Republic, on the contrary, courts investigation; and we may safely call it a bright and a sunny light, illuminating a benighted continent of our world, and destined, in time, to civilize her millions. There, a negro stands up a FREE MAN, in every genuine sense of the term. Does he do so in Canada?

During the past year, the Colonization Society has received $16,000 in legacies, and $32,000 from collections. The expeditions to Liberia have cost $55,065.

At the anniversary meeting, on Tuesday evening, Mr. Latrobe made the opening speech. He is an eminent lawyer, of Baltimore, and most ably advocated the cause. No speaker can do it better. Judge Wayne, of the U. S. Supreme Court, followed. His speech was one of the most important ever delivered in behalf of the Colonization scheme. He proved the power of the General Government to help this national enterprise, and his views were listened to [illegible] attention. The Judge is a [illegible] and sectional feelings, and [illegible] political he believed to be the true meaning of the Constitution and Laws on the subject.

The delegates to the annual meeting of the Society, at 12 o'clock to-day, by a committee of Messrs. Whittelsey, Latrobe and Disosway, appointed for the purpose, were invited to wait on the President of the United States and his Cabinet, who received them politely in the Green Room. Mr. Pierce expressed kind wishes and sentiments towards the great American enterprise in which they were engaged. Yours very truly,

COLONIZATION.

—*N. Y. Express.*

Selections.

THE FREEMAN'S LAMENT.

HANG your harps on the willows, ye outcasts of Erin,
Whose weary feet rest on Columbia's shore,
Give a vent to your grief as we bring the sad bier in,
And rend all your garments—John Mitchel's no more.

In the dark vale of shadows his form is fast fading;
We would fain have retained him, but death claimed his fee,
Said all was his own that was found retrograding—
Then an inquest was held—Verdict, *Felo de se.*

To the gloomiest limbo in all purgatory,
To the limbo of tyrants, his soul has gone down;
There fetters and scourges are emblems of glory,
And fiends like Legree bear the palm of renown.

But where Liberty's Eagle plumes her bright pinions—
Where Hope cheered the world when a Washington led—
Where the victims of despots hail Freedom's dominion,
There Freedom is shrieking "John Mitchel is dead."

—*Tribune.* G.

IMPRISONMENT OF MRS. DOUGLASS.

THE SHAME OF VIRGINIA.—Virginia has proved herself unworthy of being the birthplace of Washington, as is shown by a recent legal decision of that State, for which all its citizens are responsible. Mrs. Douglas, a lady of Norfolk, was some time since accused, as our readers may remember, of the crime of teaching "little niggers" to read. The case has been finally adjudged by the Court at Norfolk; the teacher was found guilty, and sentenced to one month's imprisonment, which sentence was immediately carried into effect, and the lady now lies in jail, expiating her crime.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Nothing more disgraceful or infamous than this incarceration of a woman for such a "crime" can be found in the annals of the most despicable despotism of the age. It should do more than a thousand "Uncle Toms" to render the "Slave Code," and the institution which exacts it, abhorrent. If there is still a particle of "chivalry" in Virginia, the statute which required the imprisonment of Mrs. Douglass will be instantly repealed.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

A woman in jail for teaching children to read! Certainly, we ought to take great care to preserve the Union—the Union with such a people—a people who imprison their women for doing an act which every civilized [illegible] not only permits, but enjoins by positive statute, and rewards from [illegible] treasury. Such a union must be immensely creditable, as well as very convenient, to those who are benevolently inclined. Verily, the Old Dominion is a prodigy of virtue. A close alliance with her will greatly help forward our educational enterprises, and quicken our too sluggish charities. With whom should Christian philanthropists and zealous educators associate, if not with those who persecute to bonds and prisons tender women, who strive to teach poor negro children how to read? How great is our indebtedness to the Union Safety Committee! We shall ever retain a lively recollection of their labours. We might, it is true, if the Union were dissolved, form a political alliance with Timbuctoo and Caffraria, but there would be a great falling off in dignity, and some loss also in point of contiguity. It is not probable that either of these last named powers have any law constituting it a crime to teach children to read: and besides, they are too remote—if they had such a law, its stimulating influence upon our virtues would be more than half lost by being wafted across the Atlantic. No, we want such bright examples of goodness near us, that their influence may be quickly felt in our hearts. We shall henceforth go for union.

But most of all do we want such people in the Church. How could the mystical body of Christ survive if deprived of these persons, who follow the patriarchs so closely? It is quite possible that the owner or owners of the children which Mrs. Douglas taught, and for the teaching of whom she now lies in jail, was a Christain (as men count Christians in Virginia); the parents of the children, perhaps, were members of the Church; the complainant, it may be, was a Christian, and so were the jurors and the judge. They doubtless felt that they were performing a very solemn Christian duty in proceeding against her, and the official actors in the scene were sworn, upon the holy Gospels, to do justice in the case. At all events, it was a transaction which might have been in the Church. There is nothing in the religion of slaveholders compelling them to abhor such a deed. Yes, they can keep the slave-child from reading, and, strange to say, can "do it for his good." Separation from such eminent examples of sanctity would be fatal to the Church. Judas, who sold his Lord and Master for pelf, was not a more blameless Christian, and his expulsion from the Church, "that he might go to his own place," or even the sudden and somewhat informal excision of Ananias and Sapphira was not more disastrous to the Church than would be the expulsion of slaveholders.

Soberly, however. Does God still let it rain in Virginia? Do the common blessings of life rest upon a people who are crushing the life out of a kind-hearted woman for performing so plain a duty as that of teaching a child to read? We hope some of their "chivalry" will respond to this inquiry. The *Journal* forgets that Virginia cannot abolish the law which imprisons Mrs. Douglass without abolishing Slavery. The slaveholder must be as cruel as death—it is not possible that he should be otherwise; for the moment he attempts to be kind, he reverses the law of Slavery, and subverts the institution he would improve. On this point it is in vain to make appeals to Virginia chivalry. Educate the slave, and he is free. Allow him to be educated—make it otherwise than a crime for anybody to educate him—and from that day the slave law is a dead letter. It is no new fact that men must be ignorant in order to be kept slaves. To ask Virginia to banish the shameless law that has thrown Mrs. Douglas into prison for the performance of a Christian duty, is nothing less than to ask for the total abolition of Slavery.

Neither Church nor State can humanize or reform crime. While Slavery is Slavery, it will be an aggregate of crimes, or, in the ever-convenient and classic language of John Wesley, "the sum of all villanies." We may baptize the abomination, and charge the perpetrator of it to do nothing but for the slave's good, and yet the act of slaveholding will lose none of its essential wickedness. It can no more be reformed than murder or highway robbery, and is no more compatible with Christian character. The idea of improvement, as connected with this horrible institution, should be scouted at once. It is ridiculous to name the thing. Who would not scorn an improvement in the truly "peculiar institution" of murder? Would an improvement in robbery or swindling be of any advantage? And yet either or all of these patriarchial *institutions* may quite as properly claim to be reformed and incorporated into the Church. Those who practise these crimes may with equally good grace affirm that they do so in obedience to the law of brotherly love. Neither Virginian chivalry nor the Gospel of Christ can bring relief by such means to Mrs. Douglass, and her thousand compeers in labours and in sufferings for the slave. A reform that shall reach these martyr spirits will surely annihilate the accursed evil that doomed them to the felon's cell for righteousness sake. In a word, until Virginia is ready to part with Slavery, she must continue to imprison her noble-hearted women in this supremely contemptible manner.—*Northern Christian Advocate* (*Methodist*).

A LETTER TO JOHN MITCHEL.

YOU address a very long letter to me, in the *Citizen* of January 28, 1854, in defence of yourself and of American Slavery. That you select *me* from among all who reprobated your apostacy from the sons of convenience [illegible] I presume, from compliment to me. I am a clergyman; and it might seem to the unwary a very natural thing to address to such an one an argument upon *Hebrew* Slavery. It is doubtless more agreeable for you to stumble over the records of rude society four thousand years ago, and to talk about Moses and the patriarchs, than to ponder what John Mitchel—the Irish patriot—said but the other day about *American* Slavery. I shall not suffer that new issue to be made.

In the article which has excited such surprise, you expressed no opinion about Abraham; you said nothing of what you would have thought it right to do, if born four thousand years ago, on Chaldean plains, or if you had been a Jew. It was American Slavery that you spoke of: Hebrew Slavery admitted that a slave was a man with all appropriate human responsibilities, and made ample provision for his religious and civil instruction. American Slavery stands upon the fundamental idea that a slave is a *chattel*, not a *man*; and it makes the teaching him to read a penitentiary offence; an offence for which Mrs. Douglass now lies in a Virginia prison. *This* Slavery, that destroys manhood by its first touch, you not only justified abstractly, but longed to practice it, in Alabama; and that no doubt might remain of your intention, you volunteered your belief in flogging, and other means of coërcing unwilling slaves to their hated tasks.

Now, Sir, I don't wonder that you would like to have that forgotten, and that you find it more pleasing to take an amateur survey of Moses and the Prophets than to talk about John Mitchel, and that plantation in Alabama, from whose ownership he is kept only by poverty, not by principle.

Your letter is a very poor argument on a very bad side. But the poverty of its reasoning is the best part of it. No man in your circumstances could make a good argument for voluntary slaveholding, without more time for practice. Corruption does not work so quickly. It takes time to round up and ripen a treason to moral principlee.

Under the circumstances, I marvel that you have done so well. Your engagements in Ireland, for many years, would not be apt to turn your investigations in the direction of arguments for Slavery.

Neither was it to be expected that you would spend your leisure in a penal colony, where you expiated the crime of fanaticism for liberty, in searching out arguments to prove the right of one set of men to own and oppress another.

After your arrival in America, you were so busy in receiving republican congratulations upon the restoration of your *own* liberty, that you had little time to bestow upon reasons for taking away other men's liberty.

If to these considerations be added some inaptness natural to new work, some awkwardness in the discussion of Scriptural topics, and that dizziness which one must be expected to feel after a somerset, I think every one will regard your performance as far beyond what could have been expected.

I hope it will not be [illegible] for me to say, that I could have helped you to frame a far better argument in favour of Hebrew Slavery. It is no new question to you; it is a very old one to us. I have heaps of trash in my library that you might have added to your rubbish. I have within reach enough clay and straw on that matter to have builded you an argument huge as an Egyptian pyramid.

If you desire to defend monarchy from Scripture, I have by me writers that do that. The Bible has been regarded as a bulwark of oppression by all oppressors. It has opened its doors like a vast magazine, in which every man who wanted to wrong his fellows could find precedent or reason; a sword to slay the innocent, and a shield to cover the guilty. And polemical freebooters there have been to defend, from Scripture, every wrong that the sun ever shone upon; and their tracts and books are thick as the locusts and frogs of Egypt, and as loathsome. And yet, in spite of all sermons and tyrannous interpretations, wherever a free Bible is read, it inspires a free heart and strikes the root of liberty down into men's bosoms with ineradicable grasp.

If, therefore, your argument be regarded, not in the light of your past personal history, but in the comparison of what has been done to make the Bible lie, and what could be done again, you have been but a poor workman. You have been angling in a petty ditch among pin-fish and wriggling vermin. You should have struck right out into those gulfs and bays where prolific oppression has for ages spawned and hatched unnumbered monsters that disport themselves upon the surface, or nuzzle in the slime, or hang poised in silent vigilance for the unwary, like tropical sharks in the warm bays of equatorial waters. If it is your purpose to go on in your new vocation, you will find deep waters and ponderous prey all ready for your sport!

But what has turned you to such waters at all? Had you been born in Alabama, had you sucked in republicanism from the breasts of a southern gospel, had your conscience been cultivated like a cotton-plant, and your principles spun from it fine as thread, and as easily wound around any spool that interest might choose to whirl in political spinning-jennies, we should have been less surprised. For, we have learned to be surprised at nothing in moral and political legerdemain. But to see honest, riotous John Mitchel, audacious and ferocious John Mitchel, whom the world has admired as a *Cœur de Lion*, thundering with his battle axe at the postern of the castle of Torquilstone, till his blows rung above the whole shout of the battle; to see this Hercules, now sitting with his distaff and patiently spinning out fine threads for the meshes of the worst system of Slavery that the world has ever known, this is a moral marvel. At last we are surprised again. The long-lost luxury of that feeling has returned.

But, of course, you did not expect me to follow you into your twilight researches. You had no idea that I should be coaxed away from the real issue between you and the American public, into a discussion of Greek and Hebrew Slavery.

The question between you and the public is not whether Hebrew Slavery was right. Nor whether Roman Slavery was right. Nor even whether American Slavery is right.

The question is simply this: *Can John Mitchel be an American slaveholder without apostacy from the grounds which he took against the English Government?* That is a question about which Mr. Mitchel will find little light either in the Greek or Hebrew. That has to be discussed in plain Saxon English.

What was the liberty which you asserted for Ireland? *Was it a liberty founded upon the inalienable right of every human being to life, liberty, and happiness?* or was it a liberty founded *on the right of the strong to oppress the weak?* That is the question which American newspapers are just now discussing, and to which, as soon as he has leisure from Moses and the patriarchs, we recommend Mr. Mitchel's attention.

It may be, that the Bible justifies absolutism; or it may be that it inspires and authorizes liberty. But whichever way it is, it has nothing to do with your position before the public.

Who cares, just now, whether Abraham might hold slaves, or Moses? We wish to know how a braggadocio for liberty, who has filled the whole world with uproar about human rights, can reconcile liberty and slaveholding.

The patriarchs are the least part of your task. John Mitchel is the man whom John Mitchel must make his peace with! John Mitchel ten years ago for universal liberty, and John Mitchel now wishing he were an Alabamian slave-owner! John Mitchel in 1848, asserting the liberty of man against the crown and scepter, and John Mitchel in 1854, asserting the slave-whip, and the master, against the rights of man!

Crowd these two portraits upon one canvas—if you can. Please let Moses sleep; and come back from your retreat behind the dust of 4,000 years, to reconcile John Mitchel holding parley with kings and autocrats, with John Mitchel flogging slaves through a rice-swamp, or along the rows of cotton on his plantation!

The public wish to know how it happens, even if Slavery *can* be defended, that the defence of it should be so congenial a task to Mr. Mitchel. There are some necessary tasks that honourable men do not like to perform. If capital punishment be allowed, some one must be the hangman. If the guillotine must stand, some poor caitiff must assist its functions. But what should we think if those very men [illegible] had spent their [illegible] the gallows, and put away the barbarous rattling guillotine, should rush into the first vacancy, and parade with vociferous pride their elevation to the [illegible] a hangman or an executioner? There were men enough to do the dirty work of Slavery; men born [illegible]. We did not expect to see a great reformer—a champion of Human Rights—after an illustrious circumnavigation of the globe as a martyr for freedom, using his very first hours of liberty in rubbing down the stiff and spavined limbs of Slavery. Some other man surely might have been found for such a function.

But we cannot continue in this painful strain. The fall of such a man as John Mitchel has been thought to be cannot excite only indignation. There is pity, too. There is a strong and generous uprising in every heart, protesting that it shall not be! We instinctively feel that it is a dream—one of those dreams of impossible dishonour, that sometimes torment good men; and we stand waiting for it to break, and the visionary honour to fly away back to the limbo of murky folly, whence it issued.

O, Sir, had all this that has happened, passed in a dream, would you not have waked, bathed in sweat, to say, shuddering, "What a horrid nightmare has been astride of my soul! God save me from even such visions of wrong!" That which you would thus feel, we *do* feel for you. That which you would thus ejaculate to God, men speak to each other. I tell you no news, Sir, when I say that you have fallen down, in the sight of the whole community, from the place of a champion of Liberty to the servile office of creeping all the days of your life on your belly for Slavery!

Once you stood like some great oak, whose wide circumference was lifted up above all the pastures, the glory of all beholders, and a covert for a thousand timid singing-birds. Now you lie at full length along the ground, with mighty ruptured roots, ragged and upturned to heaven; with broken boughs and despoiled leaves! Never again shall husbandmen predict spring from your swelling buds! Never again shall God's singing birds of liberty come down through all the heavenly air, to rest themselves on your waving top! Fallen! Uprooted! Doomed to the axe and the hearth!

I cannot hide from myself that there yet remains for you a dismal age, a desolate and cheerless solitude of infirmities. Time, that would have carried you onward, garlanded with achievements worthy of a man living for men, and surrounded by the genial sympathies of loving hearts, now, will drift you to a polar solitude, without love, or sympathy, or pity, or honour. You will sweep coldly on upon a dark current, like an ever-rolling ice-berg, that, rolling and resounding ever so much, gains no rest by changing place.

But there is a future beyond this, even on earth. There is a time promised, and already dawning, in which the human family shall be one great Brotherhood, and Love shall be the law of man. In that golden age, [illegible] since the world began, have wrought and suffered for the good of their kind. There will be a memorable resurrection of forgotten names. From the obscurity into which Despotism has flung all who dared to defy it, from the shades and darkness of oblivion by which oppressors would cover down the memory of all who proclaimed human right and human liberty, they will come forth shining like the sun, and none be forgotten that laboured to bring to pass the world's freedom! In that day, while ten thousand names shall be heard, in all the number not one shall utter that gone and forgotten name—John Mitchel.

But, come back to us, John Mitchel; it is not yet too late. Our hearts and our hands shall help you, if you will but stir yourself to break that enchantment that some malign mischief, come from the misty realm of cruel oppression, has breathed upon you. The enchantment and the enchanter are dispossessed when any bold hand snatches and *reverses* his wand. Reverse your utterances! You have been betrayed into saying a great folly. You have been betrayed into a poor and deceitful defence of it. If you abide by it, it will sink you out of the sight of all good men, and forever. But recall it! Reverse the rod! Say to us, "I spake it in my anger, and I defended it in my wrath; but it is not worthy of me. It is not the truth of my heart or of my nature." There is a power of resurrection for you in these few words as great as that of God's final Angel. It will lift you up to our hearts again. It will place you where God's crown, with which he will crown all true and noble souls, shall rest undimmed upon your brow!

But, if you will not assert your better nature, and achieve the noblest act of your life, a victory over yourself, then, sorrowfully, we must leave you, like some false and hideous image, around which, for the moment, chattering priests of oppression have burned incense, but soon to be cast out, even by them, a detected and desecrated idol, forgotten of men, and remembered only of vermin-lizards that crawl darkling beneath the twilight of poisonous weeds that grow and twine about it.—*H. W. Beecher, in the Independent.*

SLAVERY IN NEW MEXICO.

WHILE in New Mexico, and since my return to the States, I have been often asked, "does *Slavery* exist in that territory? Is there any probability that it will ever be established there? Would the people tolerate it? Could it be made profitable?" and various other questions in relation to that institution, some of which, it is presumed, it will be expected I should answer; and I shall feel the more constrained to do so because there has been a studious effort made, in certain quarters, to keep the community in the dark upon [illegible] declared by the late Mr. Webster, in a public speech, that the shining face of an African slave was not known in the territories of New Mexico or Utah; while others have declared that the existence of Slavery there would forever be impossible. Mr. Webster declared that God's law of physical geography would always prevent the introduction of slaves into that territory. While all this was being *said* in Congress and out of it, it was well known by those of us then in the territory that all was being *done* that could well be done by the slaveholders and the general government for establishing that institution in the territory. If their efforts have hitherto failed to accomplish all they intended, the failure is certainly not owing to any want of industry on their part in the use of means.

Indeed the whole policy of the General Government towards that Territory has seemed to have been shaped to favour the introduction of Slavery here. In 1850, contrary to the expectations and desire of the People of the Territory, Hugh N. Smith was rejected by the Senate, and J. S. Calhoun appointed Governor of New Mexico. It was well known in the Senate, and out of it, that Mr. Smith was rejected because he had published a pamphlet calling upon the people of New Mexico to form a State Government, and *exclude Slavery;* Calhoun was appointed because he was an ultra Southerner and known to be in favour of the introduction of Slavery. The first Message of Calhoun recommended the removal of the Pueblo Indians—had the old Southern cant about the degradation of *inferiors*, and took the bold ground that wherever free negroes were tolerated, society was most deplorably debased. For similar reasons, Judge Grafton Baker was appointed first Chief Justice of New Mexico. During almost the entire session of his first Court, he was too drunk to be in his seat, and was guilty of other acts disgraceful to himself and to the Nation he represented. These charges were sent to Washington, and subsequently backed by the certificates and affidavits of quite a number of the most respectable citizens of Santa Fe. But Judge Baker was backed by the slaveholding influence of the South—he had a *mission* to perform—and he remained unmolested till the change of Administration, when he was succeeded by another appointed from the same State (Mississippi).

It would not be possible in my present limits to notice all the developments of slaveholding policy in New Mexico during my residence there and anterior to that time. Suffice it to say, that when I arrived in New Mexico, in 1850, the Slavery-propagandist policy had so far triumphed, that favourers of that policy [illegible] and at the very time it was declared by public speakers in the States that there was not a slave, nor ever had been, in New Mexico, fugitive slaves were advertised [illegible] of Santa Fe, captured and returned into Slavery, professedly under authority of the Fugitive Slave Law, but really without any legal process whatever. A mulatto woman belonging to the son-in-law of Gov. Calhoun, after secreting herself for a whole year, was apprehended by order of Calhoun (the son-in-law being absent at the time), cast into jail, from which she was taken by Calhoun, and retained in his service till his departure for the States. Indeed, almost all the *African* slaves in the territory have been, and are still, held by army officers and government officials. There are but few of them—perhaps never more than thirty, at one time, in the territory, and not that many when I left there a year since.

There are, however, and always have been, more *Indian* slaves in that Territory than African. These are captives taken in war and reduced to a state of absolute Slavery by their captors. They are bought and sold, worked and flogged; and treated in all respects as "*chattels personal.*" The number of these Indian slaves I have never been able to ascertain, but suppose it is very considerable. Nor, indeed, under present circumstances, can it be expected that this custom should cease, unless the power of the government should interfere, and put a stop to it mutually. The Indians capture Mexicans and reduce them to a state of Slavery, and it is hardly to be expected that the Mexicans will not retaliate, whenever a favourable opportunity occurs.

I am well satisfied that the institution of Slavery can never be made a *profitable* one in that Territory, as the latent resources of its future wealth and greatness are of such a character as to require *free labour*, and free labour enterprise, to bring them into successful development. At the same time, I am by no means assured that the institution *could not live there*, and possess sufficient power to control the political destinies of the future State.

Certainly no greater calamity could befal that territory than the introduction of African Slavery. The great mass of the People are already as ignorant and unlettered as the slaves of the South. This ignorance is like the shadow of a great curse falling upon and blighting everything that is fair and lovely in the land. The arts and sciences, commerce, religion—everything, feels its palsying power. To add to this great evil, by throwing upon that territory another class of population, if possible still more ignorant, thriftless and debased, would be an act of inhumanity that "hell might be ashamed of."—*W. G. Kephart (former Missionary), in the Free Presbyterian.*

FILLIBUSTERING—THE ETHICS OF IT.

WE find the following in the *Pacific* of December 16th, published at San Francisco. The same paper contains a just and forcible showing up of this business of "Fillibustering," in the light of downright piracy, [illegible]

Says Captain Robb to Farmer Cobb,
"Your farm is very fine, sir;
Please give me up your title deeds,
I claim it all as mine, sir."
"Pray, how can it be thine?" says Cobb,
"I'm sure I never sold it;
'Twas left me by my father, sir—
I only ought to hold it."

"Nay, Cobb; the 'march of destiny'—
'Tis strange you don't perceive it—
Is sure to make it mine, some day;
I solemnly believe it."
"But have you not already got
More land than you can till, sir?
More rocks than you can ever blast?
More weeds than you can kill, sir?"

"Ay, Cobb; but something whispers me—
A sort of inspiration—
That I've a *right* to every farm
Not under cultivation.
I'm of the 'Anglo Saxon race,'
A people known to fame, sir;
But you—what right have you to land?
Who ever heard your name, sir?

"I deem you, Cobb, a lazy lout,
Poor, trodden down, and blind, sir;
And if I take your useless land,
You ought to think it kind, sir!
And with my scientific skill,
I set it down as true, sir,
That I can gather from the farm
Full twice as much as you, sir.

"To be explicit: 'Tis an age
Of freedom and progression;
No longer, dog-in-manger like,
Can you retain possession.
The farm long since you forfeited,
Because you fail'd to till it;
To me it clearly now belongs,
Simply because—*I will it.*

"My logic if you disapprove,
Or fail of comprehending,
Or do not feel convinced that I
Your welfare am intending,
I've plenty more of arguments
To which I can resort, sir—
Six-shooters, rifles, bowie-knives,
Will indicate the sort, sir.

"So, prithee, Cobb, take my advice:
Make over your domain, sir;
Or, sure as I am Captain Robb,
Will I—blow out your brains, sir."
Poor Cobb can only grind his teeth,
And grumble protestations,
That *might* should be the rule of *right*
Among *enlighten'd nations.*

SENTENCE OF DEATH FOR THE MURDER OF A SLAVE.

From The Charleston (S. C.) Courier.

Thomas Motley ads. The State—Murder of a Slave—WHITNEY, *J.* Motion for new trial dismissed.

William Blackledge ads. The State—Murder of a Slave—WHITNEY, *J.* Motion in arrest of judgment and [illegible] dismissed.

His Honour, Judge O'NEALL, pronounced on these prisoners the following eloquent, impressive and affecting sentence, worthy, in its general character, and especially in honourable sensitiveness to true Southern feeling, just in its vindication of Southern character, and sacred regard for the right of humanity, to take its place by the side of that of Judge Wilde, many years ago, in the case of Slater, when the murder of a slave was punishable only with a pecuniary mulct.

Thomas Motley—William Blackledge: Two months have passed away since you stood before me, in the midst of the community where the awful tragedy of which you are convicted was performed. I hope this time has been profitable to you, and that, in the midnight watchings of your solitary cells, you have turned back with shame and sorrow to the awful cruelties of which you were guilty, on the 5th of July last.

Notwithstanding the enormity of your offence, you have no reason to complain that justice has been harshly administered. On the Circuit and *here* you have had the aid of zealous, untiring counsel—everything which man could do to turn away the sword of justice has been done, but in vain. Guilt such as yours cannot escape the sanctions of even earthly tribunals.

My duty now is to pass between you and the State and announce the law's awful doom! Before I do so, usage and propriety demand that I should endeavour to turn your thoughts to the *certain results* before you. Death, *here*, a shameful death, awaits you! I hope it may be that you may escape the terrible everlasting death of the soul!

It may be profitable to you to recall the horrid deeds which you jointly and severally committed, in the death of the poor begging, unoffending slave. I will not repeat the disgusting details of the outrages committed; the public are already fully informed, and your own hearts, in every pulsation, repeat them to you. I may be permitted, however, to say to you and to the people around you, and to the world, that hitherto South Carolina had never witnessed such atrocities; indeed, they exceed all that we are told of savage barbarity. For the Indian, the moment his captive ceases to be a true warrior (in the sense in which he understands it) and pleads for mercy, no longer extends his suffering—death, speedy death, follows. But you, for a night and part of the succeeding day, rioted in the sufferings and terrors of the poor negro, and at length your ferocious dogs, set on by you, throttled and killed him, as they would a wild beast. Can't you hear his awful death-cry, "Oh, Lord!" If you cannot hear it, the Lord of Hosts heard and answered it. He demanded *then, and now*, from you, the fearful account of blood. [illegible] have met with the fearful consequences of the infamous business in which you were engaged—*hunting runaways with dogs*, equally fierce and ferocious as the Spanish bloodhounds. With one of you (Motley) there could have been no excuse. Your father, young man, is a man of wealth, reaped and gathered together by a life of toil and privation; that the son of such a man should be found, more than a hundred miles from home, following a pack of dogs, in the chase of negro slaves, through the swamps of the lower country, under a summer's sun, shows either a love of cruelty or of money which is not easily satisfied. To the other prisoner, Blackledge, it may be that poverty, and former devotion to this sad business, might have presented some excuses.

The Scriptures, young men, with which, I fear, you have not been familiar, declare, as the law of God, "Thou shalt not kill." This Divine statute, proclaimed to God's own prophet, amid the lightning and thunder of Sinai, was predicated of the law, previously given to Noah, after one race of men had perished, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed: for in the image of God made He man." In conformity to these divine commands, is the law of the State under which you have been condemned. No longer is the blood of the slave to be paid for with money; no longer is the brutal murderer of the negro to go free! "Life for life" is demanded, and you, poor creatures, have the forfeit to pay! A long experience, as a lawyer and a judge, makes it my duty to say to you, and to the people all around you, *never have I known the guilty murderer to go free!* If judgment does not overtake him in the halls of justice, still the avenger of blood is in his pursuit; still the eye, which never slumbers or sleeps, is upon him, until in some unexpected moment the command goes forth, "cut him down," and the place which knew him shall know him no more forever." Since your trial, one of the witnesses, much censured for his participation in some sort in your guilty deeds, *has been suddenly cut off from life!*

I say to you, young men, "you must die." Do not trust in hope of Executive clemency. It seems to me, however much the Governor's heart may bleed to say "no" to your application, he will have to say it. Prepare yourselves, therefore, as reasonable, thinking, accountable men, for your fate. Search the Scriptures—obtain repentance by a godly sorrow for sin. Struggle night and day for pardon. Remember Christ the Saviour came to save sinners, the chief of sinners. Learn that you are such, and cast yourselves on his bleeding bosom for mercy and forgiveness, and he will then declare to you that, "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

The sentence of the Law is, that you be taken to the place whence you last came, thence to the jail of Collston District; that that you be closely and securely confined until Friday, the 3d day of March next, on which day, between the hours of ten in the forenoon and two in the afternoon, you and each of you will be taken, by the Sheriff of Colleton District, to the place of public execution, and there be hanged by the neck, till your bodies be dead, and may God have mercy on your souls.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

SINCE our last report we have received at this depot 21 persons, all within the last ten days. First came two men from Missouri; then 13 from Covington, Kentucky, five of whom escaped from the Mayor of that city; then came 4 from Kentucky; then 2 more up to this date. The Christmas holidays will bring us another fine lot.

Since the above was written we have had the pleasure of taking by the hand a fugitive, from Louisville, Kentucky, who had made money enough to buy himself, but came to the hasty conclusion, just a few hours before he started, not to part with his money in that way, but rather to spend it in Canada, for land.—*Voice of the Fugitive, Jan. 14.*

ANOTHER REPORT.—We received a dispatch yesterday morning, from one of our faithful conductors out West, informing us that he had a fine lot of freight stored up which was destined for this port, just as soon as a lot of rubbish was cleared off the track; but that we must be on the look-out, for it would soon be on. We are happy to inform Br. F., of Ann Arbor, that three likely young men, who called at his station, were here in time to take breakfast this morning.

We are requested to say to Br. Wm. Dolison, of Detroit, that his little cargo was received safe and sound.

On Monday last we received a man from the Southern part of Kentucky, who left behind a wife and 4 children. They, however, are all free and will follow him next Spring. When a man who is a slave marries a free woman, their children are all free, as in the above case; because, according to the Southern laws, the children of coloured persons always follow the condition of the mother. This is one of the peculiarities of the system.

Stephen Anderson, who has just arrived here from Wm. Smith, of Henderson, Ky., wishes us to say to him that he has landed this morning safe in Canada, in company with Joseph Priest, and Henry Wilkins, whose father had sold him to another slaveholder, a short time before they left. These brethren wish their former owners to know that they like the Queen's dominions much—and they need not give themselves any trouble about advertising, or paying slavehunters to look for them, for Canada is now their adopted home; and had they only known anything about the Underground Railroad, they would have been here years ago.

The following extract is from one of our conductors on the south-western part of this notorious line.

"WASHINGTON, Davis Co., Indiana.

"As this part of our State is bordering on the frontiers of the *land of broad brims* and *cat with nine tails*, it would hardly be expected that we have a *Depot* here; but pilgrims for freedom occasionally pass through, on the above named train, to a land where commission and storage is done on a more safe principle. From the best information I can gather, the Underground Railroad is doing a good business; and such has been its prosperous condition that, in future, we may expect large dividends to be declared. We have some active and efficient Directors here in our midst, who are willing to devote their whole energies to the building up of the Underground line.

"I will relate to you and the readers of the *Fugitive* a little occurrence which transpired in our town, rather an obstruction on the great train. A passenger on the Underground Train arrived here some time in the year 1848, and was safely ensconced in the depot of freedom, until some time last spring, when some '*gentlemen*' from Kentucky came over and asserted their claim to him. They *proved* '*property*' without difficulty, and carried him off in chains. Prior to the poor fellow's leaving, he made his *confession*, stating that his '*ole massa*' lived in a more Southern State, and that he never saw *de* men who asserted claim on him. The Southern owner came on—produced all the testimony necessary—proved a *property* again, and took him from the possession of the first claimants; and still holds possession under good *colour* of title. The first claimants happened to be indicted in our last Circuit Court for kidnapping and perjury, and will be tried at the next session; the suit, if properly presented, will unquestionably result in a conviction. The parties who are indicted—it may not be proper to use their names, until a final determination of the case; suffice it to say that they are from Kentucky, and reside in a county named in honour of the illustrious Boone, where there is, and has long been, a nest of the same stripe."—*Voice of the Fugitive, Jan.* 21.

A CARGO extraordinary landed at the depot of Sandusky City, week before last, in all, seventeen head; looking, for all the world, like *men, women,* and *children.* We were, at that time, holding a meeting in that city, and two of them came to the meeting, and they were such perfect fac similes of men, that we really took them to be men And one of them went so far in his imitation of human beings as to enter spiritedly into the worship of God. He even claimed to be a member of the M. E. Church—for, strange as it may seem, they could talk—and said he had paid four dollars a year quarterage, for some time, to preachers who taught the people that the Bible of God authorized treating him like a brute, or to imbrute him.

When this freight came, the passage over the lake was frozen up, so that the freight could not reach its place of destination (Canada West) by the usual route; and it had to be wagoned round to Detroit. The stockholders of this road soon raised fifty dollars, for the portage round the head of the lake; and the whole cargo is now in Canada, where the stupid subjects of the Queen cannot distinguish them from men. Success to the Underground Railroad, its stockholders and managers.

Two days after this cargo left the station, at San- [illegible] reached that place. [illegible] the same species of stock [illegible] the road—the Valley of the Shadow of Death branch. He was coffined in Kentucky—taken to a steamboat—delivered to an express agent, and expressed to a friend north of the great river Ohio; and in thirty-six hours reached the friend to whom he was consigned, who opened his coffin, and he arose, and was seen by many witnesses. His was a resurrection over which the death of Slavery *shall have no power.* He passed this branch of the road pretty safely, as his coffin-shaped case saved him from travelling on his head. He is now, after his resurrection, a man. He was entombed an imbruted body; he arose a human body.

The business of the Underground Railroad has been very good the last year; so much so that some of the stockholders of the great Ohio road have gone to build a branch from Missouri, through Iowa, which will be opened soon. As this new Company, or rather branch of the great American Company, is composed of old, experienced stockholders, and thoroughly practical men, we doubt not but that branch will do a large business!—*Chris. Statesman.*

"THE WHITE SLAVE.—We have just seen a young man, 17 years of age, who has made his escape from Slavery, and who is as white as the President of the United States. In no feature of this young man can the slightest resemblance to the negro race be traced—nose, lips, and hair, Circassian or Anglo Saxon—yet he was a slave.

'Can such things be,
And overcome as a Summer cloud,
And not excite our special wonder?'"

—*St. Catharines (Canada) Journal.*

We saw, a few days since, a man who had been much worse treated than this one, "white as the President of the United States." He was "black as the ace of spades," but gave evidence of loving liberty that was unmistakable. His legs were lacerated with the teeth of blood-hounds, and his back gashed with the knife of his pursuer—but yet his face was Canadaward, with unflinching determination. If we should tell his real name, it would create a sensation in a certain portion of the State; but we are "dark" until we hear of his safe arrival in Canada.—*Ohio Columbian.*

FRESH ARRIVAL.—By the Underground Railroad, on Tuesday evening of last week, two young men, direct from the land of blood and stripes and tears. They made but a few hours' stop before they were again on their way rejoicing, in view of the promised land of Freedom, to which they were so rapidly hastening and that would shield and protect them from the hell-hounds that might be baying on their track.

Thank God, there is one place where the man-thief cannot enter; one place is free from *his* ravages, and that place is Canada.—*Ellington (N. Y.) Herald, Jan.* 25.

AN OMEN FOR FREEDOM.—At midnight there was a voice heard in our city. It was the last night of the year. Simultaneously the tolling of the bell on the steeple and the door bell of our pastor's house, rung out their diverse tones. The one tolled last year's death—the other tolled three chattels have been born as men.

"Receive these men in the name of God, and speed them on until they reach that land where oppressed Americans alone are free." Thus read the letter then put in his hands. They were received. The Sabbath morning saw them sitting in the house of prayer, among a little band who were their brethren. For the first time in all their life they felt no sense of degradation, saw no sign of popular contempt.

A good new year to us. A glad new year to them seemed indicated by the token of their advent to the Jerry platform, where the resolutions of sympathy for suffering bondmen are salted down with all becoming action. The oppressor may take notice if he will, that his slaves are here. He may take warning, too, that it is best to stay away. For no earthly power can take a slave from Syracuse.—*Wesleyan.*

THE *Cincinnati Gazette* says it is said "that Washington McQuerry, the fugitive slave whose arrest and rendition, by Judge McLean, excited much attention in this city in August last, has made a second escape from Slavery and is now with his wife and children on their way to Canada."

Congress.

THE NEBRASKA QUESTION IN THE SENATE.

TELEGRAPHIC REPORT.

U. S. SENATE, Friday, Feb. 3.

Speech of Mr. Chase.

Mr. CHASE moved to amend the fourteenth section of the bill, by striking out the words which declare that the Missouri Compromise was superseded by the principles of the acts of 1850, known as the Compromise acts. He said, that on Tuesday last he had noticed and repelled the personal assaults made by the Senator from Illinois. He had now to strike out from the bill an assertion which he intended to-day to demonstrate to be historically and in fact without foundation. He brought no ill-feeling into the consideration of this question. He looked at the subject, and at that alone. The crowded galleries, the thronged lobbies, the unusual attendance of Senators, was not the result of any particular desire to hear him out, but evidence of the transcendant overpowering interest entertained on this question. At the commencement of this Congress there was no excitement, no agitation on the subject of Slavery. In his annual message the President states the fact—(reads from the message). A few in Congress doubted the accuracy of this statement of the President that the Compromise of 1850 would be always regarded as a final adjustment of the question of Slavery. They who doubted this declaration thought the only permanent adjustment of Slavery questions would be by a return to the ancient policy of confining Slavery to the limits of the States where it existed, and securing the rights of Freedom to all who were within or under the jurisdiction of the General Government. But they who thought thus were but a small minority, by some regarded as factionists, by some as agitators, by all as mistaken. At the commencement of this session, then, in the view of all others, everything was quiet. As the eye turned towards the heavens, no cloud darkened the view, no mist obscured the brilliancy of the firmament, but all at once there was a change, rattling thunder was heard from the skies, the winds were filled with storms. *Eurus notusque ruunt creberque, procellis Africus.* Aye, Sir; *Creber procellis Africus.* The south wind thick with storm. Who was responsible for this renewal of strife and storm? They who had been denounced as factionists had not renewed this vexed territorial agitation. Who, then, did renew it? Who filled the south wind with storm? The factionists! the quietists! the finalists! They who by party resolutions had declared that the subject was forever settled; who had declared that they would support no man for office who did not agree that it was finally settled. And why was it renewed? It was because Slavery again wants room; because Slavery again wants territory; because Slavery wants more States. It was this great interest which had again renewed the agitation and again disturbed the quiet of the people. And what was it that was now demanded? It was that a sacred compact should be rescinded; that a compact which had endured during a whole generation of men, and has for as long been held as sacred and as a bond of plighted faith, the constitutionality of which, it was true, had been doubted by some, but by which all had resolved to abide, was now to be set aside and forever repealed. Some pretext for this course seemed to be required, and that pretext had been disclosed by the Senator from Illinois, who, in his speech of Tuesday last, informed the Senate and the country for the first time that the Missouri Compromise had been superseded by the act of 1850. Who had before that time ever supposed or thought of or heard of that idea? No man. It had remained for the Senator to make known the discovery. The Senator had invoked the spirit of the dead to sustain him in this idea. He had referred to the statesman who had reported the Compromise of 1850, but that great statesman in his report, in his speeches, in his conversations in or out of the committee, had never even hinted that the Missouri Compromise was superseded. Never. Not a word or a line to that effect from that Senator could be shown. Did any man from the North or the South during the long debate on those acts of 1850 ever allege that they would supersede or repeal the Missouri Compromise? Not one. The Compromise acts were passed in 1850. They were denounced at the North and denounced at the South. Did any defender of them, either North or South, put his vindication of them on the ground that they effected the repeal of the Missouri Compromise? Not one. Did any objector to them, either at the North or at the South, place his opposition on the ground that they had swept away the Missouri Compromise? Not one. No man, either North or South, defender or opponent of the Compromise of 1850, ever even lisped such an idea. The question had so stood during the last Congress. The Senator from Illinois then reported a bill for Nebraska, with no provision on the subject of Slavery and no provision declaring the Missouri Compromise superseded by the acts of 1850. The Senator in his speeches urging the passage of that bill never said one word upon the subject. It was then well understood that the Missouri Compromise did apply to Nebraska, and no one thought that it had been repealed by the Compromise of 1850. The President of the Senate, in a speech on the last day of last session, asserted that while he had always disapproved of the Missouri Compromise and had ardently wished its repeal, on that occasion used these words: "It is evident that the Missouri Compromise cannot be re- [illegible] "might as well agree to the admission [illegible] concerned, we "now as next year, or five or ten years hence." This authority he (Mr. Chase) took to be the very best as showing that no Southern man had thought, even then, that the Missouri Compromise had been superseded; and yet the Senate had heard from the Senator from Illinois that it had been repealed over three years ago. The Senator from Missouri, who was deeply interested in the question, had complained that there was no hope for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and had advised that it be submitted to; yet the Senator from Illinois now informed the Senate that the Missouri Compromise had been repealed nearly three years before the Senator from Missouri made his speech. The bill then pending, and which had also been reported by the Senator from Illinois, did not contain any provision declaring the Missouri Compromise superseded, nor had any one at that time any idea that it had. On the 4th of January, 1854, the Senator reported from the Committee a new bill, and the Committee did not think then that the Missouri Compromise had been repealed. In the report made by the Committee they said that some persons thought that Slavery was prohibited in Nebraska, and that others asserted the right of Southern men under the Constitution to carry their property into the territory. What in this case do the Committee propose to do? Suspend the Missouri Compromise? No. Repeal it? No. But they said that as in 1850 it was disputed whether the Mexican laws prohibited Slavery in New Mexico and Utah, Congress then refrained from affirming or repealing that Mexican law. So now the Committee proposed that Congress should refrain from affirming or repealing the Missouri prohibition. In their report the Committee said that it was neither wise nor prudent for Congress to decide one way or the other, and thus wake up this agitation and excitement, but that the most advisable course was to refrain from and avoid any action, and leave the matter of the right to introduce Slavery there to the judicial decision. While the Committee reported a bill on this principle, he did not agree that the bill avoided action by Congress, but still, up to that day, no one had advanced the doctrine that the Missouri Compromise had been repealed by the acts of 1850. On the 7th of January, the act reported on the 4th was published in the *Washington Sentinel.* On the 10th of January, the act was again published in the *Sentinel,* with a 21st section. Even this section did not expressly allow slaveholders to take their property to the Territory. It would be remembered that the bill first appeared in the Senate on Saturday. It again appeared on Tuesday. He wondered if there had been any Sunday work in all this. On the 16th of January, the Senator from Kentucky submitted his amendment. That came square up to a repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and produced, he supposed, some agitation. One of the plainest rules of philosophy was, that there was no effect without a cause. He regarded this amendment as the cause of what followed. On the 24th, seven days after the amendment offered by Mr. Dixon, an entire new bill was reported by the Senator from Illinois, from his Committee, and in it was incorporated that amendment. This new bill declared that the Constitution and all the laws of the United States shall be in full force in said Territory, except the eighth section of the Missouri act, which, having been superseded by the principles of the Compromise of 1850, is declared inoperative. On that 24th day of January, 1854, this [illegible] Never until that day had this doctrine been presented in the Senate, or any where else. Was the doctrine correct? Was there a Senator present, who was in the Senate in 1850, who believed then, or at any time since, that there was any supersedure of the Missouri Compromise by the legislation of 1850? He appealed to the Senator from Virginia to say whether he then, or at any time up to the 24th of January, ever heard such doctrine asserted by any one? When the first bill was reported, five thousand copies of the report of the Committee were printed and distributed. In that report the bill was justified on very different grounds from what it was in the speech of the Senator a few days ago. The Senator had made an issue as to the correctness of the statement contained in the address signed by the Independent Democrats. That address he was prepared to maintain in all particulars. It was founded on truth. The Senator might as well attack Gibraltar; it was impregnable in all its particulars. The first point was that the Compromise of 1850 was confined to the territories acquired from Mexico, and that by suppressing some facts and falsifying others there had been a plausible case made out by the address. That these acts were confined to the territory acquired from Mexico the Senator denied. The Committee of Thirteen, who reported the Compromise acts, in their written report expressly declare that they are confined to the territory acquired from Mexico. He appealed to the Senator from Michigan to say whether that Committee in preparing those acts supposed they were to apply to any territory but that acquired from Mexico.

[Mr. Cass was not heard to make any reply, but Mr. Chase continued as if he had been answered affirmatively.]

The Senator from Illinois had laid great stress upon the fact that part of the Territory acquired from Louisiana, had been included in the bounds of Utah. He read the boundaries of Utah, and traced them on a map, and said that it was true, that in following the boundaries on the Rocky Mountains, a small spot, contained within a curve of the mountains, had been included in Utah, but the place was so small that the tip of his finger covered it on the map; yet one who had heard the Senator speak of it would have supposed it to be an extensive region torn from the original Louisiana cession and put into Utah for the express purpose of showing that the Missouri Compromise had been abrogated. He examined also on the map the original boundaries of Texas, and showed that all which had been cut out of her limits, north of 36 deg. 30 min., had not been included within New Mexico, as stated by Mr. Douglas. He did not accuse the Senator in making these erroneous assertions with a falsification of the records and history of the facts. He knew the Senator, like all other men, was liable to err. He did not desire to retort such an accusation. The other day he told the Senator that he believed him incapable of understanding the obligations of courtesy; he desired now to restrict that statement to saying that when headed by antagonism in discussion, the Senator on that occasion had forgotten the obligations of courtesy. He would state what he believed to be the truth, and leave others to their opinions. He would speak of facts and men without calling in question the truth and honour, or motives, of political opponents. He would rather submit to be considered in error than to advance any cause by calling in question the personal conduct or denouncing political opponents, for the mere purpose of receiving the plaudits of any crowd. The Senator was greatly mistaken in supposing that he had approached him with a smiling face, or any face, to obtain a postponement of the bill for the purpose of having an opportunity of sending forth the address. He had done no such thing. The resolution of annexation with Texas was a compact made between Texas and the United States. By that compact, which the parties had full power to make, Texas could and did bind herself that all of her territory north of 36 deg. 30 min. should be forever free. This was a compact, and carried out the Missouri one. He read Mr. Mason's amendment to the acts of 1850, and contended that it was intended and did preserve the compact with Texas, and Slavery should not extend north of 36 deg. 30 min., in any territory cut off from her. How then could those acts supersede the Missouri Compromise when that compromise was thus specially reserved from their operation? He denied the accuracy of the Senator's argument that the early policy of the nation was to limit Slavery by a geographical line, and quoted from Jefferson to show that one of the earliest desires of the formers of the nation was to abolish Slavery from the colonies—one of the first acts of Congress was to abolish the slave traffic. In the first Congress, after the adoption of the Constitution, Jefferson proposed that all the territory north of 31 deg., ceded or to be ceded to the United States, should be forever free. The early policy was to exclude Slavery from all territory of the United States. The ordinance of '87 covered all the territory then owned by the United States. After the passage of that ordinance there was not one foot of territory not covered by it, that was not included within the limits of some State. Not one foot of territory not included in some State, but what was free and to be free forever. The policy at that time was not indifference between Slavery and Freedom, but all territory of the United States over which Congress had control was covered with the impenetrable Ægis of Freedom. On a former occasion he had expressed the opinion, though it seemed not to have been adopted by others, that the clause in the Constitution allowing a representation for the three-fifths of the slave population had much to do with the adoption of the ordinance of eighty-seven. If it was a concession for the ordinance, the greater the force of that great compact. The constitution of the United States was not a proslavery document. It was founded upon the principle of human freedom. It was not predicated on property, but rested with the security of persons. He regarded the provision of the Constitution that no person shall be deprived of his life, liberty or property, without due process of law, as a sufficient prohibition of Slavery where the Constitution and laws of the United States were the sole law. Slavery could only exist by virtue of some local law, but the provision of the Constitution had not been so regarded. In the early policy of this Government a geographical line was never thought of to regulate Slavery. North Carolina ceded Tennessee to the United States, but, fearing lest the Ordinance of '87 would prohibit Slavery in that Territory, expressly stipulated as a condition of the cession that Slavery should be permitted. Georgia for the same reason made the same condition in her act of cession to the United States. When Louisiana was ceded to the United States no geographical line was thought of—Slavery did then exist there. In '19 the people of the free States alarmed at the increase and spread of Slavery against the policy so long established, resisted the admission of Missouri as a State of Slavery, and when the bill was pending to allow the people of Missouri to form a State Government, they desired that she should come in with a Constitution prohibiting Slavery. There was no idea of a geographical line then. The whole resistance was on the principle that Slavery should be confined to the original limits in the States. The South resisted it. The proposition to prohibit Slavery north from Mr. Thomas [illegible] not come from the South, but [illegible] from a free State, acted with and on behalf of the South. He gave the history of the legislation of the two Houses on Missouri acts. The amendment of 36 deg. 30 min. was adopted in the Senate by a vote of 34 to 10, 14 of the [illegible] in the affirmative being from the South and among them the late Vice-President, Mr. King. The House insisted on the prohibition from the State. A compromise was finally effected. By it the State was admitted with Slavery, and the prohibition was adopted for the territories. Without this prohibition Missouri would never have been admitted Then and not till then was a geographical line thought of. No one then proposed that Slavery should be allowed south of 36 deg. 36 min., and had any such proposition been made it would not have been adopted. At that time the South said, give us Missouri, do not prohibit Slavery south of 36 deg. 30 min., and we will join you in the prohibition of it north of that line. The North and South united in that prohibition. There was the admission of Missouri, and the compensation for it was the prohibition north of 36 deg. 30 min. The compensation for the prohibition was the admission of Missouri. It was a solemn compact between the parties, from which neither could recede without discredit. While no act of Congress was legally irrepealable, this morally ought so to be regarded. He read from Mr. Niles's *Register* to show that it was then considered an arrangement to be forever binding on the parties. It was a compact forced on the North. It was a compact from which the South had received all the benefit. Missouri and Arkansas had been admitted. The South had got all the territory she had expected under the compact, and what did she now propose? The South now said, We have got all the benefit we can derive from the compact, and we now wish to throw up the bargain. The North had consented to recede from the ancient policy of making all territory free, and fixed this line as a price for that concession. Shall the sons of those who made that compact go still further and repudiate it? What was the Compromise of 1850? It was, that California should come in free, and the territories be left to act for themselves. The territory was then free; Mexican law prohibited Slavery, and Congress did not repeal that law. The only principle in the Compromise, if it had any, was, that such part of the newly acquired territory as was ready for admission should come in free, and that the rest should be free to adopt their own Constitutions for themselves, the existing Mexican law to be still in force. The Compromise consisted of various acts. The Territories, the Fugitive Slave law, Texas Boundary and California, all were a part of it. The South got the Fugitive law, and Abolition of slave auctions in the District of Columbia, and a chance to get into the Territories The North got California. Those who framed that Compromise thought they had settled the question forever. Political conventions had declared it forever settled, and yet it was now proposed to set it aside by repealing the Compromise of 1820, which it expressly confirmed. He earnestly appealed to Senators whether they would not adopt his amendment and strike from the bill a declaration so directly in conflict with the historical fact. It would be far more manly to tell the North that they were tired of the Missouri Compact and desired to set it aside, than to do so indirectly by asserting what was directly contradicted by the facts yet fresh in the recollection of most of [illegible] tory of Slavery in this country, three eras in the [illegible] emancipation, in which the recollections of our own wrongs induced a lively sense of the horrors of Slavery and a desire to get rid of it. The States acting on this, many of them did abolish it. The slave trade was abolished, and the lines of Slavery every day grew weaker. The next was the era of conservatism. Then men said, let Slavery be, let things remain as they are, let us sustain the *status in quo.* During this era it was that the Constitution of Illinois was adopted. That Constitution, while it declared all men free and equal, also made provision for the temporary bondage of men. In 1803 to 1807, they had made frequent appeals to Congress to relieve them from the prohibition of the ordinance of 1787, but the appeals were unavailing. The prohibition was maintained. Slaves did exist in Illinois, but Slavery was never introduced into any part of the North-west territory. He knew of decisions in Illinois which declared that slaves, born free, were entitled to their freedom. The next era was that of Slavery propagandism. Every foot of the territory acquired from Mexico was known to every man to be covered by the decree of Mexico abolishing Slavery. That Mexican decree was in full force throughout these territories; yet Congress, by the act of 1850, told the South that they might get in there with their slaves if they could. Another era was to follow. This discussion and this measure would produce another era. The era of reaction. The bill might be passed by the Senate, it might pass the House, but if it did, you will raise up a fire throughout the land which will consume those who kindle it. The Senator from Illinois stated that this bill was founded on the principle of popular suffrage. What kind of suffrage was that which authorized one portion of the people to enslave another. If the Compromise of 1850, which affirms and continues the Missouri Compromise, is to be set aside, then away with the Compromises. Away with all compacts between North and South. And let us return to the ancient policy of confining Slavery to its limits within the States, and guaranteeing that in no territory of the United States should any man be deprived of his life, liberty, or property, without due process of law. He quoted from Pinckney a prophetic picture of the destiny of this country, to be attained only by a strict adherence to plighted faith and honour, and eloquently appealed to all to stand by the solemn compact and plighted faith of 1820. The great crowd continued in attendance until the speech was closed.

MONDAY, Feb. 6.

Speech of Mr. Wade.

Mr. WADE (Ohio) said that he rose to address the Senate with great diffidence on this subject. He had always preferred to perform his duties silently, but the importance and boldness of this measure required him to give expression to his objections to it. Though a young man at that time, he well remembered the adoption of the Missouri Compromise. He recollected well the opposition and resistance by the whole Northern people to any further extension of Slavery, the storm which followed, and which was only quieted by the assurance and conviction that the question was then forever settled and Slavery excluded from the territory. Since [illegible] no man who had been bold enough to question its finality. Why was it now proposed? He also [illegible] its repeal [illegible] Compromise of 1850. Since its passage he had heard from all its friends, indeed he had almost heard nothing else from both parties or from Government papers except that this last compromise was a finality not to be questioned in Congress or elsewhere. Why was it, in the face of these well known facts, that it was now proposed not only to depart from the Compromise of 1850, but to go back to the more sacred one of 1820, and set it aside? He had expected to hear from the Senator from Illinois, when he proposed this high-handed measure, some reason for it. He had expected to hear the Senator tell the country what new light had rendered this measure necessary now. It was only one year ago on the 4th of last March, at the hour when the Constitution brought Congress to its termination, the Senator from Illinois was found clamouring for the passage of a Nebraska bill, in which nothing was said of this Compromise. On the same day the Senator from Missouri, who was so deeply interested in seeking out some crevice by which the Missouri Compromise could be avoided, declared in open Senate that he despaired of ever having it repealed. If it had been superseded that Senator would have discovered the fact. He could discover no reason to induce the Senator to propose this measure, the result of which would be to incite the people to madness. If there were any cause for it the Senator had failed to make it known. There was no reason for it. This conspiracy to overturn the time-honoured compromise which gave a guaranty to freedom was not six weeks old. It had been hatched somewhere in that time. He might refer to former speeches of the Senator to show his course on this subject—but it would take time. He knew the Senator's course on this subject had been exceedingly mutable. He thought the Senator had once expressed himself at Chicago in a different strain from what he did the other day. He would not, however, now go further into that subject. It would be indeed of little value now to show what had been the course of the Senator in the report which the Senator made on this bill; he put it on a very different ground then from what it now rested on. In that report the committee say they desired not to repeal or affirm the Missouri Compromise; that it would not be either wise or prudent to do so. This was but four weeks ago. Since then they have changed their mind, and have discovered that the Compromise of 1850 had already superseded the Missouri Compromise. Was it not strange that the committee had given no reason for this change in their opinions and in their bill. He did not understand how a solemn act of Congress, intended as a compact for the future, could be superseded by a principle said to exist in a series of acts on another subject.

Mr DOUGLAS said that so far as the Utah act embraced part of the Louisiana Territory, it repealed as to that part the Missouri act. So far as the rest of the territory was concerned, the Utah act was inconsistent in principle with the Missouri act.

Mr. WADE said that the Senator, therefore, regarded the change in the boundaries as repealing the Missouri act—as if A and B had a line between their farms, and in order to make it straight part of A's farm was put into B's farm. The Senator would suppose that because B got part of A's land by running the straight line, the principle of the line overturned and destroyed the title to his whole lands. This act was an outrage; it would have its consequences. He would not be responsible for that day's legislation. Was there nothing sacred? Was there no act in the history of this government but was liable to be overhauled for some miserable party or other purpose? Who had the handling of these compromises? The framers were statesmen as distinguished, he hoped, as those who figured at the present day. He referred to Clay and Calhoun and others, and suggested to the Senator from Illinois that in the day of those statesmen there were giants as well as now. He regretted to see the successor of the great Senator from Kentucky joining in [illegible] was the result of his patriotism. He had read the debates on the Compromise of 1850, and nowhere had he found in them any suggestion that they superseded the Missouri Compromise He considered the Texas resolutions as affirming the Missouri Compromise, and amendments adopted in the acts of 1850 as reserving particularly that affirmance. He would not further dwell upon the Senator's speech. His colleague (Mr. Chase) had so completely pulverized that speech that there was not enough of it left to hang an idea on. This whole doctrine of supersedence was an after thought. These territories were now pure; our fathers had relieved them, as they thought, forever from the scourge of human Slavery. Would Congress send them that scourge? It would be the most disastrous evil that could be visited upon them. In the adoption of the Missouri Compromise, the Representatives of the North had declared that the South were men of honour and would abide by their pledges; that they would keep their plighted faith and stand by the Compromise measures, and ask nothing wrong. They had told their constituents that the men of the South were chivalrous and would not seek to set aside any agreement for the purpose of gaining an advantage Would the South do it? Would the Whig party, too, abandon this pledge? He had battled long with that party, and had fought for the great Kentucky statesman—would that party join in this overturn of the Compromise which was almost as binding as the Constitution itself? The South had had the whole benefit of the compromise; now the North desired to step in for her share—would the South interfere and break the compact, even for a seeming advantage? No man at the North had offered to deprive the South of her share; would the South be less generous? He did not believe Southern Representatives need fear to go home and tell their people that they stood by plighted faith, and had allowed the North to receive her share of the division Let them therefore do their duty honourably, and their people would honour them more. The Senator from Kentucky said that this proposition was not made by the South, but was offered by the North, and therefore the South was absolved from its obligations. This was not so. They were not aware of the base conspiracy here to destroy them. The Democratic party, lately so triumphantly victorious, had not made such an issue before them. Had it pledged Pierce to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, how many Northern votes would he have received? Not one. The people of the North knew nothing of his measure. They do not know even now of the nefarious schemes planning in the Capitol to betray them to Slavery. The South had not been released from its obligations to abide by this compact Major André was hung by the neck till he was dead, for making a proposition nothing like as base in treachery as this. No man, or set of men, had been authorized by the North to make such an outrageous offer. It was treason to the North. His colleague was perfectly correct in saying that the free labourers of the North could not work side by side with slaves. Every man knew this to be the fact Whenever you establish rotations of master, slave and serf, then labour is degraded. It was an unlucky word which escaped the Senator from Kentucky, on Saturday, that if free labourers would not go where Slavery was, they might go elsewhere. Was this Democratic? Was this the Democratic doctrine of the Chairman of the Committee? Would the Chairman of the Committee [illegible] of the State that if they did not wish to work side by side with serfs and slaves, they could not go to the territories? Would he tell the free labourers of Illinois that they should not go to Nebraska unless they stooped to the degraded level of slaves? There were only four hundred thousand slaveholders in the United States, while there were thirteen millions of free labourers. Were these thirteen millions to be excluded from the Territories that a few of the four hundred thousand might take their slaves to the territories? If Slavery be introduced into Nebraska, the land will be blasted as effectually as if burned with fire and brimstone, as were Sodom and Gomorrah. He denied that he was bound by the Constitution to recognise the title of any man in his slave Such a title was not given by the Constitution. It was created and protected by local law. As soon as the jurisdiction of that moral law ceased, then the title to the slave ceased. The Constitution recognised no man's title to property in another. If it did, he would expatriate himself sooner than recognise that title. He believed in the Declaration of Independence, that all men were born free and equal—that declaration was the declaration of God. He heard a Senator from South Carolina say near him, that slaves were equal to free labourers. He wanted that to go out to the country.

Mr. DIXON—The Senator says that he believes in the Declaration of Independence, which is the declaration of God, that all men are free and equal. Don't he, therefore, believe the slave to be equal to the freeman? [Laughter.]

Mr. WADE—I believe he is, but your law has reduced him to the lowest degradation. It refuses him all the rights and privileges of other men, and renders him liable to be sold by another man. Though not equal by your laws, he is by the law of God. He will stand before his God at the last day equal to any of you, and the truth of that law some of you will find out to your cost, at that last day (laughter.)

Mr. DIXON—I ask the Senator if, by the laws of his State, the free negro labourer is equal to the white labourer?

Mr. WADE said that he admitted they were not, in the eye of the law. They were degraded and treated with contempt. They were generally poor and in humble life, but still this was not right or proper. He regarded them as all created equal by the law of God. He referred to the position of Virginia, who at one time was at the top of the ladder in point of population and all the other attributes of a powerful State. Now she was fifth or sixth, while other States, which were free, had outstripped her and taken position above her. This he attributed to Slavery. Her statesmanship had become Africanized, and it was now desired to Africanize this Territory. The people of the South were against any general system of internal improvement, were against any general system of education, though he could not say whether they imprisoned women for teaching the poor. They were opposed to any general system such as had advanced other States, but when it came to a system for raising children for market they could vie with all others. He was opposed to carrying that system to the Territory. Gentlemen might call him an Abolitionist. If to have an undying hatred to human Slavery in any and every shape, was to be an Abolitionist, then he was one. If a desire to resist at all hazards and to the last extremity the extension of Slavery was to be an Abolitionist, he was one. He admitted that within the States no power but the States had any control over the subject; but wherever the Constitution and the laws of the United States were sole law, Slavery could not be recognised. He asked how could gentlemen who considered the Compromise of 1850 a finality, propose this measure? If it passed, how could they complain if he were to introduce a bill to repeal all those Compromise acts, the Fugitive Law included? This was dangerous legislation. It would peril the Union of the States. It would create a storm which no man could say where it would end. He saw a cloud already, even now, larger than a man's hand. That cloud would soon gather all round from the North and West. The whole heavens would be lighted up with indignant fires. Already the public meetings, &c., gave evidence of the approach of the storm. The people of the North were dismayed, alarmed and terrified. Some of them do not believe this measure can succeed. They cannot understand how such a thing can be seriously contemplated. He warned gentlemen of the result of such legislation. It was bringing Freedom and Slavery face to face, to battle till one or the other dies forever. He had always thought that the two principles of Freedom and Slavery could not well exist in one country—but by natural forbearance they might exist together for a while. But forbearance no longer appeared. This measure put Slavery upon the aggressive, and they were forced to look upon each other as enemies. This measure would force Freedom and Slavery into a contest, which must result in victory for one and death to the other. In such a contest, he warned gentlemen that liberty would not die in this the 19th century. He did not believe this Union would survive ten years this act of perfidy. He wished to wash his hands of this nefarious conspiracy against the principle of human freedom.

Speech of Mr. Jones.

Mr. JONES (Tenn.) said that if no other person desired to speak now, he would say a few words in reply to this tirade of abuse against the institutions of the South These institutions, against which the whole of the speech was directed, had come down to the people of the South from their forefathers, through generation after generation. They had not sought them, they had been forced upon them. In his invective against Slavery, the gentleman had referred to his services in the Whig party, and had appealed to them. The gentleman might have done battling in that party, but the doctrine of denunciation of the institutions of the South formed no part of the principles of that party. He (Jones) had never put his shoulder to that wheel with the gentleman. He had stood all his life in the Whig ranks, and expected to stand by the principles of that party during his days, but he had never uttered or advocated such doctrines as the Senator had done to-day. For one, he now and forever renounced all political association or party affinity with the gentleman in the advocacy of such doctrine. He could not join the Senator, either, in his flings at the Senator from Illinois. When that Senator came before the country as a politician, he would have much to say of him, but at present he neither knew nor cared what that Senator's motives, object or design was. He would look at the bill and regulate his action by the measures and not by its author. He then contended that slaves were property and were protected by the Constitution, being property as much as any other description of property. He argued the perfect constitutional right of slaveholders to carry that property into territories the common property of all the States. Why should not the slaveholder carry his property as well as the Northern man? He heard the Senator from Ohio the other day, and another Senator from that State to-day, both arguing and declaiming about the sanctity of compromises, the perfidy of breaking solemn compacts, the necessity for keeping plighted faith, &c, &c. To hear them, no one would suppose they had ever had any idea of violating any compromise. At the last session, the Senator from Massachusetts moved to amend the appropriation bill by striking out the provision to defray certain expenses under the Fugitive Slave Act, and declaring that act repealed. That motion received four votes in the Senate. It was a direct proposition to repeal the Compromise of '50. Who voted for it? Not the Senators from Ohio, who so strenuously lectured the Senate upon the sanctity of the Compromises? The record, however, asserts that they did it. The four votes were Hale, Sumner, Chase and Wade. Now, these same Senators denounced any interference with a solemn, sacred compromise. He saw no storm approaching, such as the Senator predicted. The Senator had described it graphically—had pictured the gathering clouds, the rising winds, the vivid lightning, and one might fancy he could hear the rattling of the thunder. The Senator was poetical in his description of the storm. It reminded him of a very profane anecdote he became acquainted with at the Mammoth Cave. Every one who entered that cave came out with feelings to some extent poetical. On one occasion, a man after coming out rushed to the register and recorded a verse which he would repeat, without any approval or excuse for its profanity:

"Mammoth Cave! oh, what a spot;
In summer cold—in winter hot;
Great God Almighty, what a wonder,
Andrew Jackson, hell and thunder."

(Prolonged laughter.)

He begged the Senator not to threaten. Let the Senator argue, but he implored him not to frighten them He had no fear of meeting this measure. He would continue for the rest of his life to do as he had always heretofore done—battle for the preservation of the peace, happiness and interests of the country. He never had, and never would utter a word, or do an act injurious to the interests or wounding to the sensibilities of the people of any portion of the country. In his State he had always fought to preserve the principles of the Whig party, which he and his colleague well knew were not of such advantage or interest to that State as they were to the North. He had done this because that the whole country might be benefited by it. He had never assailed any section or interest of any section. He would permit no attack upon the institutions of his section. All he asked was equality. This he was entitled to. The South knew their rights, and, knowing, would maintain them at all hazards, and to the last extremity. He had never approved of the Missouri Compromise, but, as it had been sanctioned by time, he would have submitted to the hardship until such time as a returning sense of justice would induce the North to repeal it. It would not do to invoke to its support the names of the illustrious dead, who took part in its establishment. It would not do to refer to them who were driven to its adoption by bloody and wild fanaticism. Honouring the dead and respecting their memories, now when called upon to act he would have to act as his duty should require him to do. The Constitution declared treaties the supreme law of the land. By the treaty with France in which Louisiana was ceded to the United States, it was expressly stipulated that the people there should be forever protected in their property. Slavery then existed there and by treaty was protected: The Compromise, therefore, was an express violation of the treaty with France, and was utterly void. He [illegible] the legislation of [illegible] inconsistent in principle with the Missouri Compromise. All the South asked was equal justice and they could not refuse to accept that justice when tendered by the North.

Mr. WADE briefly replied.

The question pending was on Mr. CHASE's motion to strike out of the 14th section the words declaring Missouri Compromise line superseded by principles of acts of 1850.

Mr. CASS—How will the section read with these words out?

Mr. BADGER—It will be a repeal with no reason given.

Mr. DAWSON—I ask for the yeas and nays on the amendment.

Order and vote taken—result as follows:

YEAS—Messrs. Allen, Cass, Chase, Everett, Fish, Foot, Hamlin, Seward, Smith, Stuart, Sumner, Wade, Walker—13.

NAYS—Messrs. Adams, Atchison, Badger, Bayard, Bell, Benjamin, Bright, Brodhead, Butler, Clay, Dawson, Dixon, Dodge (Iowa), Douglas, Evans, Fitzpatrick, Geyer, Houston, Hunter, Jones (Tenn.), Mallory, Mason, Norris, Pettit, Sebastian, Shields, Slidell, Thompson (Ky.), Toucey, Williams—31.

Mr. WADE moved to strike out all of the bill, and insert the one of last Session.

The CHAIR ruled it out of order at present, as one substitute was now pending.

Mr. DOUGLAS moved to strike out the words "which was superseded by," and insert, "which is inconsistent with."

Mr. CASS said he would vote for this amendment. He could not vote for the words declaring the supersedure. It required an act of Congress to effect a supersedure of a law. It was clearly proper to say inconsistent with.

Mr. CASS replied—and Mr. BADGER rejoined.

Mr. CASS—I would much rather say at once that the Missouri Compromise is unconstitutional, and therefore would prefer saying so directly in so many words.

Mr. DOUGLAS said, that by to-morrow, he hoped they would agree upon the proper words to express what they all meant. If no one else desired to speak to-morrow, he would say a few words.

Mr. STUART said he would vote for the bill, but he did not believe the Missouri Compromise superseded by it, though it was clearly inconsistent with the act of 1850.

Messrs. CASS, BADGER and STEWART continued the debate until after 4 o'clock, as to whether there was or was not any difference in the distinction between the two phrases. The bill was postponed.

MISS LUCY STONE IN PITTSBURGH.—We learn from the Pittsburgh *Gazette* that Miss Lucy Stone, who went from Salem to the above place, met with a very enthusiastic reception there. She lectured in Pittsburgh two or three evenings, and on each occasion the large Hall in which she held forth was filled to overflowing, and many were obliged to go away without gaining admittance. We are much pleased to learn that such a radical reformer as Miss Stone has become so popular as to be able to call out such large and respectable audiences to hear her.

A REMINISCENCE OF PAST COMPROMISES.—Among the many distinguished politicians who have visited Washington since the opening of the present session, we perceive General James W. Nye, of Syracuse, New York, who, in the canvass of 1840, was, perhaps, the most effective Van Buren orator "on the stump." Personally, he is a jovial, glorious [illegible] even where it cuts himself. Thus he used to tell, that on one occasion during the sitting of the never-to-be-forgotten Buffalo Convention, after making four or five speeches in the course of the day and evening, hallooing himself hoarse until past midnight, when, in the middle of his morning's nap, he was awakened by a Mr. Tillinghast (a clever old gentleman that took the members of the Convention, its lions especially, under his care), with a request that he would instantly dress and address an early morning gathering of some thousands of excited folks who were surrounding the hotel steps. The General begged leave to decline, but T. would not take no for an answer, remarking that one-half of the people had been calling for a white man (Prince John) and the other half for a nigger (Fred Douglass); but that it had been finally agreed to compromise on him (General Nye).—*Wash. Star.*

MONUMENT TO ROBERT RANTOUL, JR.—In memory of this distinguished son of Beverly, says the Salem *Register,* a neat and chaste monument, of Italian marble, has recently been erected in the family burial lot in that town. It rests upon a square and massive foundation of finished granite, and is composed of an upright four-sided marble shaft, capped and finished at the summit in a flat, pyramidal form. The entire expense is about $500, which has been mainly defrayed by one dollar contributions among his friends. The following inscription occupies the front face of the monument:

Here lies the body of
ROBERT RANTOUL, JR.,
who was born at Beverly, 13th August, 1805,
and died at Washington, 7th August, 1852;
an upright lawyer, a liberal statesman, a good citizen,
studious of the past, yet mindful of the future.
Throughout an active life he strove for the improvement of
his fellow men.
The faithful friend of Education, he upheld our
Public Schools.
In the name of Justice and Humanity, he laboured to abolish
the punishment of Death.
Inspired by Freedom, he gave his professional services to
a slave hunted down by public clamour, and bore his
testimony, in Court and Congress, against the
outrage.
He held many places of official trust and honour; but the
Good Works filling his days were above these.
Stranger! at least in something imitate him.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, New York.

Donations to the Treasury of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, New York.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1854.

PROGRESS OF THE NEBRASKA FRAUD

THE Nebraska Question is still under consideration in the Senate, and still the absorbing topic of discussion throughout the country. In another part of this sheet will be found the telegraphic sketches of the speeches of Senators Chase and Wade of Ohio, in opposition to Douglas's nefarious bill. These sketches, of course, fail to impart any adequate conception of the vigour and power of speeches, which, though extended through more than three hours in the delivery, secured the unflagging and almost breathless attention of a crowded Senate and galleries. Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, attempted, it will be seen, to break the force of Mr. Wade's argument by ridicule and overbearing insolence. Douglas and his friends are bent upon pushing the question to an issue as speedily as *possible,* but several opponents of the measure will probably insist upon a hearing. Mr. Everett spoke on Wednesday—too late for us to notice his speech this week. That the measure will pass the Senate by a large majority no one doubts, and we presume it will go through the House, though not without some wire-pulling and wincing. True, the sentiment of the North is against it, but she is under a moral paralysis, and cannot speak in a tone powerful enough to rally her friends and alarm her enemies. She was sold out to the Slave Power in 1850, and cannot recover herself in season to stay this iniquitous project.

The Washington Correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce* thus frankly discloses the real scope and ultimate object of the conspirators.

WASHINGTON, Saturday, Feb. 4.

It is objected to the Nebraska bill that it will establish a principle of extensive application, and will invoke the application of the same provisions to Oregon and Washington. *Certainly it will.* THAT IS ITS MAIN OBJECT. The principle was established in 1850, now it will be confirmed in 1854. Next year it will be declared that *the ordinance of* 1787 *is inoperative,* and that the Slavery resolution in the Oregon bill which Mr. POLK hesitatingly signed, is *superseded.*

Therefore, if Slavery be a universal necessity it will be allowed universally to prevail. But probably, it will be found that its limits will be fixed by climate and commerce—by laws above the action of Congress.

The political effect of the passage of this bill will be important, and, on the whole, highly favourable. It will put an to the old parties, and "crush out" the coalition of the Democracy. It will organize parties into two divisions, and both of them based on the Slavery question. One party will be the Non-Intervention party, and the other the Abolition party. It is not quite certain which will finally prevail. But the struggle is, at length, seriously begun. All that has ever happened on this question, all the combats from 1820 down, were mere child's play in comparison with what we shall see next Fall, and next year, and for years to come. *There will be no more Compromises.* The old ones will be contemned and set aside. Non-Intervention on one side, and Abolition on the other, are the only two principles upon which the contract is to be made.

Very well. Let the issue come—the naked question between Slavery and Freedom—and the sooner the better. It will be a death-grapple such as the world has seldom witnessed.

ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES.

The Ninth Lecture of the New York Anti-Slavery Society's Course was delivered on Tuesday evening, by Rev. WILLIAM H. FURNESS, of Philadelphia. His subject was, *The Destined Ascendancy of Northern Ideas.* Though all the murky vapours in which the servility and treachery of Northern politicians and the unfaithfulness of the Northern pulpit has enveloped the question of Slavery, he discerned a light—the light of immortal truth—which no human power could extinguish, and which was the pledge that Right should ultimately triumph over Wrong, and the land be saved from the blight and curse of human bondage. Underlying the very phenomena which, at first view, would seem to indicate that the cause was retrograding, he detected the operation of those living and beneficent forces which are ever working in favour of freedom. We attempt no sketch of the lecture; for that we have no room. We must content ourselves with saying that it was characterized by argumentative skill, lucidity of thought and style, and, above all, an earnestness which, like a magnetic force, set the hearts of the hearers in a glow, making them feel the grandeur and the sublimity of the cause for which he spoke, and inspiring them with a renewed zeal and courage in its behalf. The hearty applause of the audience evinced the pleasure with which they listened.

The next lecture will be given on Tuesday evening next, by WM. LLOYD GARRISON. In view of his peculiar relations to the cause and the efforts hitherto made to prejudice the public against him, we are anxious that he should have a fair hearing before a large audience. We hope the members and friends of the New York Anti-Slavery Society will not only attend themselves, but take pains to secure the presence of others over whom they have influence. We venture to suggest to our coloured friends in particular that the Pioneer of the cause, who has stood by them without wavering, in the face of obloquy and persecution, for a quarter of a century, deserves at least a hearing at their hands.

—It was our intention to give this week a Sketch of the Lecture delivered by HORACE GREELEY, on the 31st ult., but the want of room prevents the fulfillment of our purpose. He has been invited, we understand, to repeat the Lecture in Boston. When he shall have complied with this invitation, as he doubtless will at an early day, we hope he may consent to its publication entire, either in the *Standard* or in a pamphlet, for wide circulation.

HON. GERRIT SMITH will please accept our thanks for a copy of his Speech on War, delivered in the House of Representatives, Jan. 18th. If our columns were not unusually crowded at the present time with matter pertaining to the subject of Slavery, we would gladly publish the Speech, which, when we consider where it was uttered, must certainly be regarded as a very remarkable production. We do not wonder that such an argument against war produced a strong impression upon those who heard it, but we confess ourselves unable to reconcile the author's plan of an 'armed police' with the principle on which that argument rests. This, however, may be an evidence of dullness on our part and not of incoherency in Mr. Smith.

WILLIAM H. DAY, whose exclusion from the Senate Chamber of Ohio, by the Slave Democracy that rules that body, we mentioned a fortnight since, is not a negro after all, but, according to the decision of the Supreme Court of that State, "a free white male citizen," being of more than three fourths European ancestry, while the law requires that he should be only one-half white blood to entitle him to the privileges of citizenship. The Cleveland *Democrat,* to which we are indebted for this information, bears the highest testimony to the moral, intellectual and social worth of Mr. Day.

REV. WM. H. FURNESS preached a very able and earnest Sermon upon Practical Christianity, last Sunday afternoon, at the Church of Rev. Mr. Chapin (Universalist), in Broadway. The audience, which was large and very attentive, embraced not a few who, while they differed from the preacher, theology-wise, very widely, were yet attracted to him by their appreciation of the high moral qualities which, in spite of all that the creed-mongers may say, constitute a Christian and a Christian minister. The sermon, which met the full expectations of the audience, was published at length in the *Tribune* of Monday

JOHN MITCHEL gets cold comfort from the pro-slavery press. The New York *Herald,* which might naturally have been expected to applaud his recreancy to freedom, jeeringly says that "he went up like a rocket and came down like a stick."

THE DECADE MEETING.—The proceedings of the American Anti-Slavery Society, at its Second Decade, held in the City of Philadelphia, Dec. 3d, 4th and 5th, 1853, embracing the Speeches of Garrison, Phillips, Barker, Quincy, Samuel J. May, Lucretia Mott, J. M. McKim and others, phonographically reported by J. M. W. YERRINTON, and making a pamphlet of 176 pp., have been published by the Society, and may be had at this office for 25 cents. It is a publication of great intrinsic and historic value, and every Abolitionist should have a copy for preservation, and another to lend to his neighbours.

HON. S. A. DOUGLAS has courteously supplied the *Standard* with four copies of his Letter to the Governor of Illinois on the subject of River and Harbour Improvements.

NEW PUPLICATIONS.

AUTOGRAPHS FOR FREEDOM. Edited by JULIA GRIFFITHS. Auburn: Alden, Beardsley & Co. Rochester: Wanzer, Beardsley & Co. pp. 309.

There is a great deal of interesting matter in this goodly volume. Indeed, with such contributors as J. R. Giddings, William Jay, Horace Greeley, Frederick Douglass, Mrs. Stowe, Antoinette L. Brown, Dr. Brisbane, R. W. Emerson, E. H. Chapin, C. M. Clay, Gerrit Smith, and other able champions of freedom, it could not be otherwise. The signature to each article is a fac simile of the writer's autograph. This unique feature adds to the interest of the work. And then the volume contains likenesses of no less than twelve persons of mark, viz.: Joshua R. Giddings, Antoinette L. Brown, Wm. W. Brown (coloured), Lewis Tappan, Horace Greeley, Wm. H. Seward, Gerrit Smith, Frederick Douglass, Charles L. Reason, Rev. E. H. Chapin (New York City), Rev. H. Ward Beecher, Mrs. H. B. Stowe. The best of these is the likeness of Mr. Douglass, which could not well be more perfect. Some of the others are very good, but that of Mr. Greeley is one of the most frightful caricatures that ever came from the hand of an engraver. H. W. Beecher's, though not so bad, is spoiled by an exaggeration of a facial peculiarity which ought rather to have been artistically concealed. It is not often, however, that one can find twelve different portraits in a single book most of which are as good as these. Want of room alone prevents us from copying at once Mrs. Stowe's article, "A Day Spent at Playford Hall." The story of the "Massacre at Blount's Fort" is graphically told by Mr. Giddings. The book cannot fail to do good wherever it may be read.

THE REDEMPTION OF LABOUR, AND OTHER POEMS. By CHARLES P. SHIRAS. Pittsburgh: W. H. Whitney.

If the author of this volume is not a poet, in the highest sense of the word, he yet wins our respect and sympathy by the earnestness with which he protests against popular iniquity and reminds us of the duties we owe to the poor and the oppressed of our race. The wrongs done to the labourer, whether as a slave or a nominal freeman, he depicts in terms all too just:

> "Who could behold his grief
> And not weep with him? He is naked, starved,
> And cold; his wounds unwashed, unbound, corrupt,
> And festering, burst and bleed afresh, until
> His great frame quivers, and the chilling sweat
> Of death-like agony from his bending brow—
> Yea, from his shaggy breast and limbs of steel—
> Falls like the heavy drops of summer rain."

The author, however, does not despair. In Science and Faith he discerns the promise of a brighter and a happier day—a day when all shackles shall fall, and the anthem of enfranchised millions shall rise to heaven in an atmosphere of universal love. Among the minor pieces in the volume we notice several which an almost universal newspaper circulation has made familiar at least to every reformer's ear. We allude to "The Popular Creed"—

> ("Dimes and Dollars, dollars and dimes,
> An empty pocket 's the worst of crimes")—

"I owe no man a dollar," "The Bloodhound's Song," and some others, the popularity of which will ensure the book a kindly welcome.

ALCOHOL AND THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN; being a Popular Scientific Account of the Chemical History and Properties of Alcohol, and its leading effects upon the healthy Human Constitution. Illustrated by a beautiful coloured Chemical Chart. By EDWARD L. YOUMANS, author of the 'Class Book of Chemistry.' New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

We commend this work to all those laggards in science and morals who have not yet satisfied themselves that Alcohol is a Poison, and who doubt the propriety of putting it in the same category with other poisons, the traffic in which is either entirely forbidden or placed under the closest legal restraints. Mr. Youmans, in preparing this work, has done an important service to the cause of Temperance, for which its friends can hardly be too grateful. We wish a copy of it could be placed in the hands of every young man who is liable, either by the force of hereditary appetite or of external temptation, to acquire a habit of imbibing intoxicating drinks. It may be well for those who believe in the moral potency of legal statutes to seek the enactment of the Maine Law, but the Temperance cause will not triumph until the scientific truths set forth in this brief treatise are thoroughly wrought into the popular faith.

THE FREEWILL BAPTIST QUARTERLY.—The January number of this work—being the first of the second volume and the only one that has ever fallen under our eye—is creditable alike to the editors and to the denomination of whose views it is in some sense the exponent. The contents are as follows: 1. Review of Beecher's Conflict of Ages. 2. Uncle Tom's Cabin, Slavery and the North American Review. 3. Fifteenth General Conference. 4. The Atonement. 5. The Primitive Jews and their Moral Code. 6. A Home Picture (Poetry). 7. The Fathers of the Freewill Baptist Ministry. 8. Sears on Regeneration. 9. Contemporary Literature. 10. Periodical Literature, &c. The review of Beecher's "Conflict of Ages" is evidently the production of a philosophical and thoroughly trained mind. It is characterized, moreover, by a spirit of magnanimity which enters but too rarely into the discussion of controverted topics of theology. The same spirit, we are glad to perceive, pervades the other articles, so far as we have had opportunity to examine them. The review of Uncle Tom and the North American does ample justice to both branches of the subject. The paper on the Fifteenth General (Freewill Baptist) Conference we have read with particular pleasure, because it affords evidence that the spirit of progress is working in the denomination, leading it into Christian warfare against the moral evils of the time, and setting practical righteousness above creeds and forms.

This magazine, we understand, owes its existence to a few enterprising and noble young men, who felt that such a publication was indispensable to the healthy growth of the Church of their choice, and who, for that reason, were willing, if necessary, to make pecuniary sacrifices to sustain it. So long as the spirit of self-sacrifice for humanity's sake shall continue to breathe through its pages, it will be worthy of a generous support by the denomination whose intellectual and moral needs it aims to supply. Providence: Williams, Day & Co. $2 per annum.

THE NEW ILLUSTRATED HYDROPATHIC QUARTERLY REVIEW (No. 2) for February treats, within the compass of 192 pp. small octavo, a variety of topics connected with health and disease, the means of preserving the one and averting the other. We give the titles of the several articles, with the names of the writers, as follows: The Movement-Cures; R. T. Trall. Dyspepsia; James C. Jackson. Colds and Relapses; Levi Reuben. Hysteria; Joel Shew. Modus Operandi of Medicines; R. T. Trall. Philosophy of Common Colds; G. H. Taylor. The Hunger-Cure; E. A. Kittredge. Water-Crisis; S. O. Gleason. Reports of Cases, by Dr. Trall and others. Criticisms; R. T. Trall. Reviews; R. T. Trall. Miscellany. Some of the subjects are illustrated by wood cuts. The writers in this Magazine endeavour to utter truths of high importance, or what they esteem as such, in plain language, rather than to unfold the deeper mysteries of science for the benefit of the scholar. To those who wish to understand the principles of Water-Cure and their practical application, we recommend this publication as the best within our knowledge. Fowlers & Wells; $2 per annum.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.—The publishers of the American Edition have sent us the February number of this work. The table of contents is attractive, as usual. Dickens does not, of course, write all that appears in its pages, but his supervision affords a guaranty that they will be occupied with nothing that is unworthy of a place in a periodical for the household.

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CXL.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The Correspondent on the Cold Weather—The coldest day—The Ice Crop—Amelioration of Climate—The Correspondent incredulous—His opinions on Wood-fires and Furnaces—Of the Poetry of Warming and of Motion—He is grateful to the Weather, and why?—New and ingenious Meteorological Theory—Effect of Cold on the Anti-Slavery Meetings—General success—Curiosities of Anti-Slavery Entomology—Whom we missed and whom we had—Mr. Barker and Mr. Mitchel—The Correspondent bewaileth that patriot and adviseth him—An old dodge still good—Mr. Douglass's Effectual Call—The Correspondent quoteth Shakspeare and commenteth—The Webster Dinner—A Failure—Notabilities absent—Ignotabilities present—A Lieut. Governor discovered—Mayor Smith on Mr. Webster—The Correspondent refuseth to speak evil of Dignities—Deadness on the Nebraska Question—What Forty-Four Years have brought forth, &c. &c. &c.*

BOSTON, Feb. 6, 1854.

HAS it been at all cold in your parts? I believe that hereabouts [illegible] of years. [illegible] battered the worst of the morning it was colder than it had been since [illegible], which was, I believe, the year of the famous Cold Friday. I will not vouch for this, but it was cold enough for all practical purposes. The apprehensions which were felt at one time lest the Ice Crop (now so material an element in the business of New England) would fail have been happily put to rest. Indeed, I rather think that the promise to Noah, that summer and winter, seed time and harvest should never fail, will apply to the harvest of Ice, in these latitudes, for many a good year to come, notwithstanding all we hear of the gradual amelioration of climate, here. If it have ameliorated, what must it have been before it began! And in those good old days when open wood-fires were all our fathers had to rely upon in their warfare with Jack Frost! People abuse the present fashion of making ovens of houses by means of subterranean fires, but I incline to the opinion that a little baking is not bad for us earthen vessels. And I scarcely know the praiser of Olden Times that has not adopted the subterranean system, however he may have set his face against it, for years. The Furnace Philosophy is the one that best suits the Yankee Idiosyncrasy, and andirons may become as obsolete here as they have long been in England, where they have puzzled commentators on the early poets who mention them. I admit that all Poetry is against it. "A ROUND OF STORIES BY A CHRISTMAS REGISTER" would sound flat enough, I admit. But Poetry is equally outraged by the substitution of Steamers for the white-winged messengers of the Elder Ocean, And so we may as well submit to the domination of Facts. For the gods have not made us poetical, as a people; although, I did read in an Obituary Notice of a lady of some notoriety, not long since, as a proof of her familiarity with good letters, that she was well versed not only in the *American* poets, but in the *English*, also!

The Cold weather has brought me very comfortably through my first paragraph, for which I thank it. It is an advantage we who live in what are (facetiously) called the Temperate latitudes enjoy over the dwellers under the monotonous blue of the Tropics, that we have always something to talk and write about. It would be hard if we had not our Compensations, too. By the way, I heard of an explanation of the unusual coldness of the present winter, which struck me as original, as well as probable. A common friend of ours suggested, the other morning, as a strong North-Wester blew in at the open Station where he was awaiting the departure of a Train, that it was likely that Captain McClure, when he went through the North-west Passage, *had forgot to shut the door after him!* This hypothesis I commend to the careful consideration of all Meteorological Societies—if such Societies there be. The severity of the weather had its effect on the opening sessions of our Annual Anti-Slavery Meeting, which has been held since my last epistle. The first day was one of the very coldest of the cold, and none but the very warmest of the Abolitionists were prepared to encounter it. The attendance from the country, in particular, was unusually slender, at first. However, the Meeting warmed up from session to session and from day to day, and was a very excellent one, on the whole. After the first morning, indeed, the numbers came up to the average attendance of former years. Our meetings were perfectly quiet, the formidable five cents discomfiting our enemies in the evenings, which is the only time that they ever rally in force, and we suffered as little as on any former occasion from the "fleas of Conventions." Of course, it is as difficult for a Meeting like one of ours, which recognises the fullest freedom of speech, to be entirely free from these troublesome insects as it proverbially is to find a dog without them. But we did uncommonly well, as to that matter.

We missed sadly several of the speakers on whom we depend for salt and spice for our Annual Caldron, as well as for the more substantial ingredients. Such as Parker Pillsbury, and Stephen Foster and his wife, and Lucy Stone. It hardly seemed like an Annual Meeting without the three first, so identified are their words and faces with them. But we did the best we could without them, and what with Garrison, and Wendell Phillips, and Charles Burleigh, and Remond, and others of the Old Guard, we made very fair fight. We also were favoured with the presence and assistance of Joseph Barker, of Ohio, who took a prominent and acceptable part in the Debates. Being himself, in some sort, a political exile from Great Britain, he occupied a point of vantage (which he improved) from which to pitch into your new valuable fellow-citizen, John Mitchel. That excellent person seems to have learned but half his lesson. Having been told that it was essential to be pro-slavery in order to be successful in this country, he has evidently been absorbed by that one idea, and thought that it was only necessary to be pro-slavery enough to carry all before him. Why had he not some prudent friend to tell him that hypocrisy is as essential an adjunct to pro-slavery as currant-jelly to venison, or as apple-sauce to goose. He would not then have been guilty of that most indiscreet ingenuousness which has brought down on his head the contempt of Northern pro-slavery prints and of Southern Slaveholding ones. He would not have read in the Louisville *Journal* (I believe it was) that "he had made a Judy of himself." He should learn (what, to-be-sure, he did not learn, at home) that American pro-slavery is like Irish vitriol, a very valuable and useful assistant to patriotism—but, the less that is said about it, the better, until the moment it is wanted.

One of the comical events of the meeting was the way in which Mr. Douglass came upon our platform, on the last evening. It was a repetition of the *dodge* which worked so well at the Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society last May. Of course, notwithstanding the attitude of hostility he has chosen to assume to the Representative Men of our Movement, the platform was as free to him as to any person present, and he had nothing to do but to come upon it and be heard with entire civility. He took his seat among the audience, and when there was an opening, after the first speech, some half dozen persons in his neighbourhood (certainly, not *ten*, for I sat where I could look directly down their throats) began to vociferate "Douglass! Douglass!" The President called them to order, saying, that if Mr. Douglass wished to have the floor, he knew how to get it. The "enthusiasm" was renewed, however, and Mr. Douglass came forward, saying that he had not intended speaking on this occasion, but that he could not refuse to answer *such a general call!* Or words to that effect. I could not help thinking of the "general applause and cheerful shout" which called Gloster to the platform, when "some ten voices cried, God save King Richard!" I do not say that this was a plan pre-arranged with Mr. Douglass, though it was perfectly clear that it was an understood thing among his friends. But I should advise him to dissuade them from such mistaken acts of friendship, in future, as it looks as if he were trying to create an impression that there is a difference of opinion among the Members of the American and the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies as to his recent conduct. On this occasion, he had a perfect and unquestionable right to be heard, and his appearance on the platform could not be regarded by any one as impertinent or intrusive, as it was a Meeting for Debate and not for pre-arranged Set Speeches. The disorderly cries were perfectly unnecessary. They only made that ludicrous which would have been natural and simple, of itself.

I promised to tell you, in my last, how the Funeral Feast eaten by Mr. Webster's friends, in memory of the Great Disappointed, came off. But, really, it's so long ago that I don't recollect much about it. Only it was perfectly plain that it must have been a failure. Not the name of a single Whig (even of a Webster Whig) of the smallest possible consequence could be found among those that assisted at the melancholy occasion. The only advantage of a public nature that the Festival afforded was that it let the lieges know who their Lieutenant-Governor was. It seems it is a Mr. Plunkett (I never heard his Christian name), whom I could not find anybody that had ever heard of before. He and Mayor Smith (whom the Free Soilers helped to put into the civic chair) were the two chief orators and eulogists of Mr. Webster. All the rest was "mere leather and prunella." You must not ask me what those two eminent officials were. I am sure you would [illegible] dignities. Nor [illegible] betrayed into speaking evil of either of these great men (and much less, both of them), in any degree assimilated himself to the respected consort of Mr. Punch, as the Louisville paper above quoted intimated was the case with Mr. Mitchel.

It is lamentable to see how perfectly dead Our First Men are to the Nebraska Villany. They haven't even had the spirit to say as much as your Castle Gardenites. I am afraid there is no amount of kicking that can make them even ask the Slaveholders "what they mean to insinuate?" I have seen a Call for a Meeting in the *Commonwealth*, but apprehend that it will be merely a Free Soil and Abolition Movement. There will be no such stirring gatherings together as there were in 1820, to protest against Slavery in Missouri. Webster and Clay and Cass have seared the conscience of the nation as with a hot iron, so that it has no sense left of honour or even of interest. But this is not a matter to enter upon at the end of a letter. You may hear from me again on the subject, according as it gives me something to say.—N. Y.

CONFESSIONS OF AN EX-PATRIOT.

"WE, for our part, wish that we had a good plantation, well stocked with healthy negroes in Alabama.—*John Mitchel, the Irish Patriot, in the Citizen.*

How decorous a trait is honesty of speech. How amazingly it helps us to an understanding of the purposes of our fellow-men to have them come at once to the point. Here is an individual, one of the notorieties of modern history, about whom there have been the strangest mistakes. He has been a great sufferer, almost a martyr, from a complication of false suspicions as to his purposes and designs. He seems to have acquired a world-wide reputation both of a good and evil kind, upon utterly baseless premises. For some five years the British Government have been watching, hunting, arresting, trying and punishing this man Mitchel, under a monomania that he had some traitorous design of delivering the people of Ireland from a tyranny sanctioned by conquest and prescription. The lovers of liberty throughout the world, supposing this to be a legitimate suspicion, have looked on and applauded, not because they were particularly fond of the Irish, or thought them the most pitiable of all those that suffer from the oppressions that are done under the sun; but because they supposed that a genuine hater of one form of tyranny was, by the noble instincts of his nature, a hater of every other. It is now disclosed that there has been a mistake all around. This eloquent gentleman had no such project in view. He had no repugnance [illegible] gang of healthy negroes sufficient to stock a good plantation. He was not dreaming of liberty, equality, and fraternity, and lapping his soul in delicious reveries of a social state, where every man sat under his own vine and fig tree, with none to molest or make him afraid. Good plantations stretched out before his eyes in vision, where healthy negroes offered brawny shoulders for his burdens, and patient backs for his stripes, when his temper was hot and choleric. He was not a malcontent and a radical, because he hated the tyranny of monarch and nobility, and grew fierce under the exactions of griping landlords, but because

> "Slaves could not breathe in Ireland;"

there were no '*healthy negroes*' to be had, for love or money, in any of her fairs or markets. The English Cowper had sung

> "I would not have a slave to till my ground."

The Irish John Mitchel says he *would* have a stock of them, provided they were healthy. Across the ocean, far beyond the ancient Hesperides, past the sunny Antilles, to the very regions where Walter Raleigh sought Eldorado, and De Soto the fountain of perennial youth, John Mitchel had found his ideal of a perfect social state in cotton-growing Alabama, where American Democrats till their broad plantations with the whip, and replenish their exhausted stock with fresh purchases from the chained coffles of as '*healthy negroes*' as can be bred in Old Virginia.

How he proposed to apply his ideas to the actual condition of Ireland can now only be conjectured, as the famous battle of *Slievegammon* put an end to the bloodless revolution which he and his compatriots projected. Perhaps the confiscation to the use of the patriot leaders of some of those large absentee estates, with a hundred or two of tenantry, as healthy as a diet of potatoes could make them, would have been considered a successful issue of their zeal and labours. Perhaps if he had been heir to one of those airy old castles or halls that overlook and overawe a whole village of mud huts that surround them, well flanked with barns and granaries, stuffed famine-proof with rent from the adjacent fields, the revolution and Mitchel himself had not been heard of. But he was a John Jackland—he had no plantation, no niggers, no fine pisentry—the much abused man! Hence he was bound to make a fuss, and to lift his indignant voice among the oppressed and down-trodden, in challenge to the sympathies of the world.

But if the ex-patriot's design of helping himself to a plantation were rebellion in Ireland, they are legitimate and constitutional in the United States, and therefore he is perfectly justifiable in making a frank declaration of his wishes so soon after landing upon our shores. There is nothing singular in this form of patriotism. It is the true national type; and Mr. Mitchel has shown such a precocious appreciation of the main duties of American citizenship, that the ordinary tutelage of five year's residence in the country, preliminary to naturalization, ought to be dispensed with by special act of Congress in his case. Much of our paper declarations in behalf of Liberty in this country have precisely the same squinting towards '*good plantations*' and '*healthy negroes.*' This was the animus of the Texan Revolution and the Mexican war. The burden of our indignation at the exactions and oppressions practised by the Spanish Government upon the people of Cuba is a suspicion that the system of working plantations by '*healthy negroes*' is in danger of abolition. Our more radical and pure democracy, whose favourite leaders are Cass and Douglas, are now labouring diligently to introduce the blessings of Alabama civilization into all the territories of the Union, in the teeth of the plighted faith of the nation, given before '*healthy negroes*' were as much in demand as now. But few of our great men utter themselves with the amiable frankness of the ex-convict. A diplomatic twaddle about freedom and the rights of man still defers to the ancient prudery of New England prejudice. Only Daniel S. Dickinson, known among the *soft b'hoys* as Scripture Dick, gave direct expression to the longings of his ambition, when he regretted that he had not been born in Old Virginia.

But the principal object of this present writing is to set some plan on foot for gratifying our distinguished guest and prospective fellow-citizen. He wants a '*plantation*' and '*healthy negroes*' to stock it with. It seems but reasonable that some measures should be taken to respond to this appeal. A man who has been sentenced to be hung, drawn and quartered, who has lain six months in the hulks, and three years in a Van Dieman's land prison, has uncommon claims on the sympathies of a generous and wealthy people. Distinguished exile and patriot, your wishes shall be gratified! You shall never have it to say that America could not appreciate the virtues and devotion of one who has martyred himself for the cause of his fellow-men. But, Mr. Mitchel, how much can you do towards establishing yourself in Alabama on a good plantation? Of course, after all your involuntary migrations and explorations of different parts of the world, your finances cannot be in the most prosperous state. But then you have found enthusiastic and not niggardly friends in New York, and the *Citizen* has opened with the best of prospects. Let the people know if you can furnish forth enough to buy *one negro*, and they can tell what sum it is expected of them to make up. Collect the members of the Union Safety Committee. You will find them well posted up, and able to give you efficient aid. Call on the editor of the *Journal of Commerce*, and he will write up your subscription paper for you. It is not long since he furnished a Virginia gentleman named Lemmon with the means to buy a whole family of negroes, with only the trouble of a week's canvassing. This Lemmon was no orator, no revolutionary leader, no world-famous hero, but a plain, common man, stepping out of the obscurity of [illegible] plantation life, to receive this testimonial, and subsiding immediately into it again. It will give the [illegible] that it is for a man who owes it to the tender sensibilities of Queen Victoria that he was not drawn and quartered. As for the plantation, land is said to be cheap in Alabama, but you had better get a government grant, for which you can prefer the most powerful pretensions, and economise all the subscriptions in negroes.

'*Healthy negroes*' now range well up to one thousand dollars each, and there are of all kinds upwards of three millions in the United States, all marketable. Virginia is decidedly the best place to buy, and you can ascertain the condition of the markets by consulting any of your Southern exchanges. In Virginia, you will be less likely to have a damaged and unhealthy article palmed off on your greenness, as the negroes of the Old Dominion are bred expressly for sale and not over-worked, besides you will stand an even chance of buying some of the best blood of Virginia statesmen. The money would go further if you should purchase further north. There are tens of thousands of this kind of stock, running wild in Canada, to be had only for the expense of catching, and I make no doubt there could be enough found lurking about the city of New York alone to stock one plantation, the title to which you could extinguish with a mere song. The procession that *huzzaed* you through Broadway, the other day, might or might not turn out with equal alacrity to assist in capturing your purchase, after you had furnished yourself with the proper papers. Let the world know how the *rint* comes in for this purpose, by weekly publication in the *Citizen*, and let us hear from you again, when you get comfortably established in Alabama.

The British Government will know hereafter how to deal with her refractory subjects, and when patriotism grows uproarious, will transport it, not to Botany Bay, but to Alabama, where its *perturbed spirit* will find rest.

It is to be hoped that the *Clemenses*, and the *Smiths*, and the citizens of Alabama generally, will become more charitable towards foreign enthusiasts, and fanatic exiles, than they have been, when one of the most distinguished foreign enthusiasts singles out their own State for his final resting place, and emulates their chivalric customs.

In indicating his future purposes, Mr. Mitchel seems to affect the example of *Moses*, of *Socrates*, and of *Jesus Christ*. Very particularly of the latter, since he recurs to it in a second article. [illegible] sufferings have been sanctified to him. He comes to America determined to *take up his cross* and to *follow Christ*. He is decidedly pious. and quite as happy in the style of his *piety* as in that of his *patriotism*. Whereabouts in India was situated the *plantation* of Jesus Christ, and what was the ordinary stock of '*healthy negroes*' worked upon it, our meagre Biblical records do not disclose. But the life of Christ in the Gospels is exceedingly fragmentary, and there are whole years of it not satisfactorily accounted for by his biographers. If Mr. Mitchel has had a *Patmos vision* on Van Dieman's land, and a special revelation to the effect that our Lord was employed during this time in the trying cares of a *large plantation*, and the *discipline* of a *gang of negroes* (and without such special revelation our Irish orator and sage would have hesitated upon such declarations), it would be accepted as full confirmation of what so many of the American clergy have been a long time essaying to teach. T.

SUMMARY.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN GEORGIA.—The bill giving to married women the exclusive control of their own property has been lost in the Georgia Legislature.

SLEIGHING AT HUNTSVILLE, ALA.—The ground at Huntsville was covered with ice and snow to the depth of six inches on the 15th of Jan. Had the whole been of light snow, it would have measured twelve inches—an unprecedented occurrence in that region. The sleighing was fair for two or three days.

CHARGE OF AIDING A SLAVE.—One of the stewards of the steamer North Carolina, running between Baltimore and Norfolk, has been arrested and imprisoned in the latter place, under the charge of aiding the escape of a slave. The fugitive, it is alleged, implicated the steward by his "confession."

ALABAMA.—In the Alabama Legislature a bill to emancipate John Bell, a slave belonging to the estate of the late Vice-President, Wm. R. King, was read twice and passed. [Astonishing, isn't it, that the Legislature of Alabama should be so unfeeling as to peril, if not destroy, the happiness of black John Bell by making him free?]

ROBBING THE TOMB OF WEBSTER.—The Boston *Times* says a burglar was caught by the watch on Wednesday night last, in the store of J. W. Page, in Boston. In his possession was found the key to the tomb of Daniel Webster, under St. Paul's Church. Mr. Page is a connection, by marriage, of Fletcher Webster, and had the key of the tomb in his possession. Attached to it was a tag, bearing the name of Daniel Webster. What the probable design of the burglar was is not stated. He was locked up for trial.

SPIRITUALISM.—Judge Edmonds, in his late lecture at Worcester Mass., as we learn from the *Spy*, gave the following fact as confirming the doctrine of spiritual interest in the affairs of men. "Before any accounts had been received from the San Francisco steamer, a medium, in New York, had received and written a full account of her loss, of the rescue of a portion of her passengers, by three ships, of the number that was lost, with a particular description of the person and dress of the two female passengers whose names were not known; and that the account agreed entirely with the facts as afterwards ascertained."

A BASIN OF GOLD.—The "Jeweller's shop," as the newly discovered strata of gold at Ballarat are called, are of surpassing richness. A Geelong correspondent states that people were arriving after a month's work with from 200 to 400 ounces of gold. The rich, new discovery is described as being a "basin" of gold. The gold is found in an immense circular patch, or monster pocket, and already about a dozen holes have been sunk into it, every one of which has hit. So uniform is this rich stratum that its value, wherever tested, has been found to range from £1,200 to £2,000 per superficial foot. From other parts of Ballarat the accounts are little less successful. It is said that the miners earn, on an average, from £2 to £3 a day. Grains of gold were found in sinking a well at Emerald Hill, beside Melbourne.—*Melbourne Herald.*

THE NEW POSTAGE BILL.—The project for changing the rates of postage under this Government, reported by Mr. Olds, a few days since, from the House Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, contemplates making it obligatory to pre-pay all letters sent in the mails, and proposes also to fix the rates of postage at three cents per half ounce for all distances up to three thousand miles, and six cents for all greater distances. We learn, on inquiry, that about 900 bushels of dead letters are received at the Post Offices Department each quarter, three-fourths of which are of course unpaid. We trust that the pre-payment feature of this bill may become a law. It will vastly reduce the labours of post office employes everywhere, while it cannot fail greatly to tend to supply the very large deficiency in the revenue of the Post Office Department, so far resulting from the last reduction of postage rates.—*Wash. News.*

THE GREAT TELEGRAPH SUIT.—The telegraph brings the report of the final decision of the great and long pending case of Morse vs. O'Reilly, to test the validity of the respective patents. The decision was rendered by the U. S. Supreme Court, in Washington. The decision sustains Mr. Morse's claim as to the first discovery and application of his mode of communication, and decides that it is valid. But it also decides that Mr. Morse's 8th specification claims more than he discovered, which renders that invalid. This establishes the right of the Bain, House, and other modes, and restricts Morse to the use of his own mode. The contest between these gentlemen, in which a vast amount of property was at stake, and in which it was to be decided whether one man should enjoy the monopoly of all the telegraph lines in the United States, has excited very general interest. The decision is hailed as one that will benefit not only an opposing company, but eventually the whole people. It will have a tendency, ultimately, to reduce the price of transmitting communications, and work a benefit to the people.—*Phila. Register.*

TOBACCO.—Three lucid and instructive Prize Essays on Tobacco, its history, use, nature and effects, have just been issued by Fowlers & Wells, as separate tracts for cheap dissemination. They are all excellent. The writers (whose names were unknown to the Committee who awarded them prizes) are respectively Drs. R. T. Trall and Joel Shew, of our City, and the Rev. Dwight Baldwin, of the Sandwich Islands Missions. These plain and forcible exhibitions of the poisonous nature and baneful effects of the vile weed ought to do good, and probably will among those who have not already become slaves of a vicious habit, and we trust they will all be bought by hundreds and thousands by philanthropists, for cheap sale or gratuitous distribution. On old tobacco-users they will probably have little effect; they know better than they do already. "Doctor," said a man shot through the head in a duel, "why are you probing and torturing me so?" "I am examining the brain, to see if it is not seriously injured." "You fool! if I had had any brains, do you think I would have stuck myself up to be shot at?" Ditto of brains and tobacco.—*Tribune.*

THE LAND OF SCHOOLS.—The little State of Rhode Island is noted for her excellent schools, but she gets some very curious representatives of the land of schools into her legislature. Recently, when the "old State debt," which, by the way, is a standing theme for every legislature, was under discussion, one of the members, a Mr. Titus, said:

"'These claims against the State originated *away back in futurity, before any of us were born!*' It need hardly be said that about that time the House was, as Yellowplush would say, 'convulsed with lafture.' That 'the Legislature that sot in ——' [naming the place and time] 'would not recognise the claim,' have also the views on this subject of 'our fathers, who *now sleep in heaven*—your father, Mr. Speaker, among them.' And farther along in the same speech, he alluded quite energetically to Dr. Richmond's notion that certain estates had been '*confisticated!*'"

This reminds us of the speech of Mr. Hazard, of that State, against the Maine Law, two years ago, in which he said, "These ere sons of Temperance was going about the State turning things up-side down, and getting in favour with the wimmen."—*Phil. Regis.*

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TUNNEL.—The tunnel which has just been completed on the line of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad passes through the summit of the Alleghany Mountains at a point known as Sugar Run Gap. It lies in the counties of Blair and Cambria, the summit being the dividing line. It is 3,612 feet long, 2,685 feet of which is arched, containing 7,700 perches of cut stone and 6,400 perches of brick masonry, and 927 feet is cut through the solid rock where arching is unnecessary. Eight feet of the arch on each side is built of cut stone 22½ inches think, resting on abutments of rock range work of the same thickness, and the crown consists of five courses of hard burnt brick—the whole laid with hydraulic cement. At grade the width of the tunnel in the clear is twenty-one feet; ten feet above the grade, twenty-four feet. The height above the grade is twenty-three feet. The greatest elevation above tide is at the west end of the tunnel, where the height is 2,161 feet. The grades ascending the eastern slope commence at Altona, and in a distance of twelve miles, where the west end of the tunnel commences, the height overcome is 993 feet, or 82¾ feet to the mile.

HAWORTH WETHERALD.

BY B. RUSH PLUMLY.

DEAD! Thou art not dead! Thy spirit,
Though it passeth from our sight,
Far beyond the shadowy valley,
Hath its own immortal light;

As the sun a cloud obscureth,
Still above our feeble view,
With a self-existent brightness,
Shineth in the boundless blue.

Dead! Thou art not dead! Thou livest
In the good deeds thou hast done:
They have gone before thee, brother,
To thy new life just begun.

They will be melodious ushers,
Ringing through the heavenly homes,
With a far and sweet announcement,
"Room! A soul of beauty comes!"

Thou shalt hear a re-assurance
From the shining spirit band,
As their tender love shall lead thee
In the glory of that land.

Till thine eye can bear the brightness,
And thy foot shall lose its fear;
And thy spirit, self adjusted,
Swayeth in its larger sphere.

We shall miss thee; miss thy counsel,
Ever sweet and true and brave;
Miss thee when our hearts are heavy
With the wailing of the slave:

Miss thee in the heat and burden
Of the battle-field of life;
Miss thy steady cheerful presence,
Strong and earnest in the strife.

Thou wert meek and unassuming,
But in truth and duty skilled,
Still believing and heroic,
All thy modest orbit filled.

Lifted from thy limiting sphere,
Do immortal love and beauty
Break upon thine eye and ear?

Reapest thou the full fruition
Of thy spirit's human hope?
Does the end from its beginning
To thy larger vision ope?

Seest thou from human sorrow
Still a deeper joy evolve,
And the discords that surround us
Into harmonies resolve?

Brother, from thy high attaining
Help *us* in the trial-hour;
Thou hast left us; we are weaker,
Touch us with thy larger power.

—*Pennsylvania Freeman.*

DICKENS'S

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A New Monthly Magazine.

A cheaper, more reliable, more entertaining and instructive periodical has never been published.

A new Volume commences with the November No.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE!

A FEW SHORT EXTRACTS FROM A THOUSAND LONG NOTICES.

Those of our readers who do not read every number of this admirable serial miss a most instructive, agreeable and judicious work. It is the best sustained enterprise of the kind ever attempted. The most curious information, the most pleasing stories, and the best written papers for the people, appear in each number—from essays on natural history to details of manufacture; from ingenious paraphrases of events to the most delightful criticism on manners and the facts of the day. The scope of the work is charming and suggestive.—*Boston Daily Transcript.*

It needs no commendation; its name and character are enough.—*The Churchman.*

It abounds in articles which will be read with pleasure and profit. They are original, just of the right length to be read by the million, written in an easy, familiar and agreeable style, replete with instructive sentiments, and pervaded by a tone of sound morality. It is suited admirably for the family circle.—*Wash. Union.*

It is a cabinet of amusement and instruction.—*Zion's Herald.*

This work, written by bright and pure minds, is an interesting and safe book, a book for everybody, the most truly so of any periodical of the day.—*Troy Daily Post.*

These 'Words' are like apples of gold in pictures of silver—they are always fitly spoken.—*Ulster Republican.*

Thousands of households have bid it welcome, and its varied, instructive, entertaining and unexceptionable contents have delighted young and old in all parts of the country.—*Rochester Daily Democrat.*

This work is one of the best of the kind published in the world. It is always replete with useful information, wholesome instruction, and agreeable amusement.—*Auburn Daily Advertiser.*

The quality of the articles in the Household Words is too well known to need description. Volumes have been compiled of selections from its numbers. The publishers present it in the best style.—*Utica Gazette*

It is a very rich work, and full of pleasant reading for these long evenings. On our first page we copy a story as a sample of what the work turns out, and shall take frequent occasion to enrich our columns from its pages.—*Brooklyn Daily Eagle.*

Of the contents of this work we need only say that all the papers are original, and that Charles Dickens conducts it. It is got up in the neatest possible manner, mechanically, and is a credit to the house that reprints it.—*Rochester Daily Union.*

This journal, conducted by Charles Dickens, is a *Dickens* of a good thing. There is a vast amount of good practical, common sense and human nature contained in the various little stories and narratives which fill its pages. Its American publishers deserve the thanks of the people for presenting them with so valuable and pleasant a miscellany.—*Baltimore Repub. & Argus.*

There is no publication which gives, for the same low price, such an instructive and entertaining variety of reading.—*Chris. Herald, Detroit, Mich.*

We have only to say of this work, as we have often said before, that, in our opinion, it is the most entertaining and instructive journal extant. We never feel that we are in danger of praising it too highly.—*Burlington Sentinel.*

We know of no publication which contains so much valuable and practical information—*Gospel Messenger.*

No one can peruse this work without being wiser and better.—*Albany Argus.*

"Household Words"—words spoken in a thousand English ears, and whispered over again into thousands of American ones—seasonable, well-timed words—funny words—sometimes learned words, but generally only plain, blunt words—friendly words, words of counsel, words of good cheer, but seldom long words—never hard words, and we hope never lost words—*Alb. Eve. Jour.*

Two Volumes Yearly, containing over 1200 Pages

Terms: $2 a Year, payable in advance.

☞ Complete sets of "Household Words," from the commencement of the publication, neatly bound in cloth, constantly on hand.

☞ Those who leave their names with any of our agents will be promptly served; or, by sending to us, they will receive the work regularly by mail.

McELRATH & BARKER, Publishers,
No. 17 Spruce Street, New York.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLIES
AND
Blackwood's Magazine.

LEONARD SCOTT & Co., New York, continue to Re-publish the following British Periodicals, viz.:

1. THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW (Conserv.)
2. THE EDINBURGH REVIEW (Whig).
3. THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (Free Church).
4. THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Liberal).
5. BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE (Tory).

THE present critical state of European affairs will render these publications unusually interesting during the year 1854. They will occupy a middle ground between the hastily written news-items, crude speculations, and flying rumours of the daily Journal, and the ponderous Tome of the future historian, written after the living interest and excitement of the great political events of the time shall have passed away. It is to these Periodicals that readers must look for the only really intelligible and reliable history of current events, and as such, in addition to their well-established literary, scientific, and theological character, we urge them upon the consideration of the reading public.

Arrangements are in progress for the receipt of early sheets from the British Publishers, by which we shall be able to place *all* our Reprints in the hands of subscribers, about as soon as they can be furnished with the foreign copies. Although this will involve a very large outlay on our part, we shall continue to furnish the Periodicals at the same low rates as heretofore, viz.:

	Per ann.
For any one of the four Reviews	$3 00
For any two of the four Reviews	5 00
For any three of the four Reviews	7 00
For all four of the Reviews	8 00
For Blackwood's Magazine	3 00
For Blackwood and three Reviews	9 00
For Blackwood and four Reviews	10 00

Payments to be made in all cases in advance. Money current in the State where issued will be received at par.

CLUBBING.

A discount of twenty-five per cent from the above prices will be allowed to Clubs ordering four or more copies of any one or more of the above works. Thus: Four copies of Blackwood, or of one Review, will be sent to one address for $9; four copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood for $30; and so on.

POSTAGE.

In all the principal Cities and Towns, these works will be delivered, through Agents, FREE OF POSTAGE. When sent by mail, the Postage to any part of the United States will be but Twenty-four Cents a year for "Blackwood," and but Twelve Cents a year for each of the Reviews.

Remittances and communications should always be addressed, post-paid, to the Publishers,

LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,
54 GOLD STREET, NEW YORK.

One Dollar a Year! 50 Cents a Volume.

SPLENDID ENGRAVINGS!

The People's Journal,

An Illustrated Record of Agriculture, Mechanics, Science and Useful Knowledge.

EVERY number contains 32 Large Pages of Letter-Press, Beautifully Printed on Fine Paper, and profusely Illustrated with Engravings, forming, at the end of each year, two splendid volumes, comprising four hundred pages, and illustrated with five hundred elegant engravings, the entire cost being only one dollar.

The People's Journal was commenced in November, 1853, and has already attained a large circulation. The November number contained 40 engravings, the December number 72 engravings, the January number 47 engravings, and the February issue has 61 engravings, making in all 220 illustrations, although only four numbers have been published. These relate to Science, Art, Mechanics, Agriculture, and Useful Knowledge, in accordance with the general plan of the work. No publication of the kind has ever been produced with such magnificence or at so cheap a price. It is admired and taken by every one who sees it.

TERMS.—To Subscribers—One Dollar a Year, or Fifty Cents for Six Months. Subscriptions may be sent by mail in coin, post office stamps, or bills, at the risk of the publisher. The name of the Post Office, County, and State, where the [illegible] is desired to be sent, should be plainly written. Address, postage paid,

ALFRED E. BEA[illegible]
No. 86 Nassau Street, New [illegible]
Editor of the People's [illegible]

☞ A liberal discount to Postmasters [illegible] Agents. Single copies 12½ cents. Specimens [illegible] on receipt of four postage stamps.

1,000 Book Agents Wanted,

To sell Pictorial and Useful Works for the Year 1854.

$1,000 DOLLARS A YEAR!

WANTED in every County in the United States, active [illegible] in the sale of some of the best Books published in the country. To men of good address, possessing a small capital of from $25 to $100, such inducements will be offered as to enable them to make from $3 to $5 a day profit.

☞ The Books published by us are all useful in their character, extremely popular, and command large sales wherever they are offered.

For further particulars, address (postage paid)

ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
f 11-4t 181 William Street, New York.

Littell's Living Age.—1854.

A Beautiful Engraving in Each Number.

THE LIVING AGE has been abundantly honored by the approbation of the best judges; it has been pronounced to be sound and vigorous; various and entertaining; full of spirit and life; uniting the qualities which gratify the scholar, the philosopher, and the man of business, with those which recommend it to their wives and children. We shall now endeavour to add to these intrinsic excellencies the greater attractions of Art, and, beginning with 1854, every number will contain an Impression from a Beautiful Steel Plate.

The 52 Plates a year will alone be worth the price of subscription.

This work is made up of the elaborate and stately essays of the Edinburgh, Quarterly, and other Reviews; and Blackwood's noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious Spectator, the sparkling Examiner, the judicious Athenæum, the busy and industrious Literary Gazette, the sensible and comprehensive Britannia, the sober and respectable Christian Observer; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval Reminiscences of the United Service, and with the best articles of the Dublin University, New Monthly, Fraser's, Tait's, Ainsworth's, Hood's and Sporting Magazines, and of Chambers' admirable Journal. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from Punch; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of the Times. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The Living Age is published every Saturday, by Littell, Son & Company, corner of Tremont and Bromfield streets, Boston. Price, 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year, in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to.

POSTAGE FREE.

We will send the Living Age, postage free, to all subscribers within the United States, who remit in advance, *directly to the office of publication*, the sum of six dollars; thus placing our distant subscribers on the same footing as those nearer to us, and making the whole country our neighbourhood.

d17 2t LITTELL, SON & CO., Boston.

THE PEOPLE'S PATENT OFFICE.—This well-known establishment is still carried on under the personal superintendence of its founder, Alfred E. Beach, by whom all the necessary drawings, specifications, and documents, for Patents, Caveats, &c., are prepared with the utmost fidelity and dispatch.

Persons wishing for information or advice relative to Patents or Inventions, may at all times consult the undersigned, *without charge*, either personally at his office or by letter. To those living at a distance, he would state that all the needful steps necessary to secure a Patent can be arranged by letter, just as well as if the party were present, and the expense of a journey be thus saved. All consultations strictly private and confidential. When parties wish to be informed as to the probability of being enabled to obtain Patents, it will be necessary for them to forward by mail a rough outline sketch and description of the invention. No fee or charge is made for such examination.

The first step, always, in securing a Patent in this country is to prepare *a model*, from which the necessary drawings are made. If the undersigned is engaged to prosecute the application and prepare the various papers, the model must first be sent to the People's Patent Office, 86 Nassau street, New York, after which it will be forwarded to Washington.

Models from a distance may be sent by express or otherwise.

For further information apply to or address, post paid,

ALFRED E. BEACH,
Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents,
People's Patent Office, 86 Nassau-Street, New York.

THE NEW HYDROPATHIC COOK BOOK, with Three Hundred Recipes for Cooking on Hygienic Principles, containing also a Philosophical Exposition of the Relations of Food to Health; the Chemical Elements and Proximate Constitution of Alimentary Principles; the Nutritive Properties of all kinds of Aliments; the Relative Value of Vegetable and Animal Substances; the Selection and Preservation of Dietetic Materials, &c. &c. By R. T. Trall, M. D. With One Hundred Illustrative Engravings. 1 vol., 12mo. Price, delivered free, 37 cents. Published by FOWLERS & WELLS, No. 131 Nassau street, New York.

Boston, No. 142 Washington street; Philadelphia, No. 231 Arch street.

THE UNIVERSAL PHONOGRAPHER, a Monthly Journal, very neatly written in the various styles of Phonography, containing various instructions and exercises in the Reporting style, hints on the selection of good outlines, giving the results of the editor's experience as a practical reporter, has now entered upon its third volume. No phonographer should be without it. Subscription $1, to be addressed to "Andrew J. Graham, Box 730, New York."

THE COSMOTYPE, a Monthly Journal, devoted to Scientific and Literary matters; more especially devoted to Phonography, Phonotypy, Intellectual Culture, and Physiology. Terms, one copy, one year, fifty cents. On Sale at Fowlers & Wells. Subscriptions to be addressed to "Andrew J. Graham, Box 730, New York."

LIKENESSES of Isaac T. Hopper (beautiful Medallions in plaster) are for sale at the Anti-Slavery Office, 142 Nassau Street. Price $2. Orders solicited.

LIKENESSES of Hon. John Gorham Palfrey (beautiful plaster Medallion) for sale at the Anti-Slavery Office, 142 Nassau Street.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE CHINESE INSURGENTS.

WE have from time to time called the attention of our readers to such accounts of the progress of the Chinese insurrection, and the character of the insurgents, as appeared to us most trustworthy. We confess that, in doing this, we have preferred relying on independent and contemporary though disconnected accounts, proceedings from persons actually living in the midst of the great movement, to retailing the fuller and more systematized histories which have been drawn up for the home-market. If we have thus seemingly lost in the amount of our information, we have been able to secure our ground, and to pursue our summary without the necessity of any previous recantation of errors. We are induced to return to the subject, on the present occasion, by the appearance in the columns of the *Record* of a very interesting exposition of the character of the movement by the Bishop of VICTORIA (Hong-Kong) in a charge delivered at Shanghae. An equally authentic communication from the Rev. Dr. LEGGE, of Hong-Kong, was published during the past year, and a summary of it appeared at the time in the columns of our contemporary, the *Nonconformist*. The two accounts completely harmonize, and we propose to avail ourselves of their substance to push our information forward an additional stage.

After alluding to the great ostentation of the Roman Catholic proselytism in China, and the seeming insignificance in comparison of the Protestant mission, the Bishop points to the circulation of the Scriptures as the silent pioneer relied on by the Protestants for the introduction of Christianity into the heart of China. "And now at length," he continues, "a sudden gleam of hope streaks the horizon, "and the dawn of a brighter day succeeds to our "dark dreary night of depression. The Holy Scriptures and the Christian books distributed in past "years along the coast, and especially in the province of Canton, have at length, as messengers of "mercy, winged their flight into the far interior, "and given an impulse to a movement which appears "likely to issue in the most remarkable revolution "of modern times." The Bishop then details the circumstances under which the leader of the present movement became acquainted with the religion of Christ:

> "Twenty years ago, a native preacher, who now survives, Leang Afa, distributed several thousand copies of a Christian book composed by himself, and containing lengthened extracts from the Bible in the form of Scripture lessons, interspersed with his own summary of Christian doctrine. In the journal of the late Dr. Morrison, the first Protestant Missionary to China, there occur notices of this Christian native having disposed of large numbers of this and other books among the crowds attracted to the City of Canton on the occasion of the provincial examination for literary degrees. According to information recently supplied by a relative of the insurgent chief who visited Hong-Kong, it appears that in the year 1834, one scholar, destined in all probability to fill a conspicuous part in the history of the empire, received from an aged man, whose description evidently points to no other than Leang Afa, a copy of the above-mentioned work, entitled *Keuen She Leang Yen*, 'Good words for exhorting the Age.' He took with him to his distant home these first elements of Christian truth, and pondered over the important doctrines which they contained. Seven years ago the same native returned to Canton, and, as an inquirer after Christianity, became for two months an inmate in the house of an American Missionary. Partially enlightened as to the Christian religion, and before he was even admitted to Christian baptism, he retired to his native district in the interior. The dreams of his excited brain during a period of sickness, under which he laboured after his first acquaintance with Christianity, appear to have been mistaken for a personal revelation from God. He communicates Christian doctrines to others, and the number of Christian professors multiplies. In the strength of awakened earnestness, they decry and denounce the idolatry of their neighbours. The sect attract the notice of the [illegible]. Persecution essays its power; resistance first, [illegible] at length a collision ensues. What, at [illegible] local rising, in many of its adherents engendered [illegible] more by civil discontent than by religious fervour, grows at length to a formidable rebellion. The infusion of a religious element imparts an energy and vigour to the movement, for which the usual impassibility of the native mind rendered us unprepared. The corruption and weakness of the native Government, and the popular hatred of the dominant Manchow Tartars, strengthen the insurrection, and lend wings to its progress. The project is conceived of expelling and exterminating the Tartar dynasty, and of building up, on the ruins of the Tartar dynasty, the Church of Christ and the kingdom of God."

After energetically denouncing any attempt on the part of European Powers to bolster up the falling Manchow dynasty, the Bishop goes on to discuss the moral character of the new movement, and the psychology of its adherents. His remarks on this point are able and discriminating, and fully accord with the views which we have ourselves adopted in former articles:

> "It is needful to exercise a prudential caution, neither expecting too much of matured Christians on the one hand, nor identifying the Protestant mission with it too indiscriminatingly on the other. The rebel leaders are evidently men in earnest. Their unsparing destruction of idols—shocking the minds of the common people generally, and of the female population universally—would be impolitic in men with less lofty aims than those of a reformation of the national religion, and strikingly exhibits their own belief in their Divine mission to extirpate image-worship and to propagate the knowledge of the one true God. Their compulsory prohibition of opium-smoking and their threatened exclusion of this contraband article from the country, preclude the supposition of their being actuated by a selfish and calculating policy—bringing them into danger of eventual collision with foreigners, as well as pledging them to an onslaught on the most cherished sensual habits of their countrymen. They appear to be animated with all the religious fervour which inspired Mahomet in his course of victory, and to be tinctured with the austere morality which soured and incensed the Puritans against their dissolute adversaries. To expect from men of whom we have as yet no certain knowledge that any of them have been baptized—who have no spiritual teachers—whose knowledge of Christianity is derived more from the Old Testament than the New—whose views of religious zeal and political propagandism appear to be drawn rather from the warlike example of Joshua at the head of the armies of Israel than from the writings and sufferings of Paul the apostle of Jesus Christ—to expect from such a body of men a perfect exhibition of the gentle, forgiving spirit of the Gospel, and a full harvest of the fruits of the Spirit of holiness, is to measure them prematurely by the standard of well-instructed Christians, and to apply to them the rule of long-established Christian communities.
>
> "Amid all the error, the enthusiasm, the fanaticism and the intolerance which are perceptible among them, they have given forth, in their public manifestoes to the reading population of China, sentiments and views of moral and religious truth such as have never before sounded in the ears of this people."

In estimating the character of the movement, both the Bishop and Dr. LEGGE have derived much information from certain of the religious books of the insurgents which have come under their notice. Some of these are said to be the work of the leader, to whom Dr. LEGGE gives the name of HUNG-SEW-TSEUEN; who was for some months resident, for the purpose of receiving religious instruction, with Mr. ROBERTS, an American missionary in Canton, but over whose personal history after his return to Kwang-se an impenetrable obscurity seems to hang. Whether he be identical with the "TIEN-TEH," whose name so frequently occurs in the details of the insurrection, and whether "TIEN-TEH" is anything more than the name of a society, or dynasty, or eponymic of the movement, it is impossible as yet to decide. The man HUNG-SEW-TSEUEN would appear to have been well known to Europeans, and to have been connected with the insurrection in an early stage, and the books and the insurgents are accessible to tell us what were the views with which he would seem to have identified himself.

The Bishop notes it as "a mark of no inconsiderable progress in the people to find the former half "of the book of Genesis, as translated by the late "Dr. GUTZLAFF, republished in the insurgent host, "and bearing the *imprimatur* of THAE-PING-WANG, "as Emperor: the words 'Volume the First' leading to the supposition that other portions of the "Sacred Record have been published, or are in the "course of publication." There seems to be no doubt that the Old Testament, especially the Pentateuch, is well known to the insurgents. Rather more doubt exists as to their personal acquaintance with the New Testament. Dr. LEGGE is of opinion that they have not the Christian Scriptures among them; and he may be right, since it is difficult to reconcile the reception of these writings in the earnest spirit which is the characteristic of the new movement with the existence of several practices and ceremonies, to which they are decidedly opposed. Thus Polygamy appears to be allowed among them, and their thank-offerings of slain animals, rice, fruits, and tea to the Deity would seem to be more akin to the old than the new Dispensation. On the other hand, it would be strange indeed if their leader had Jewish Scriptures, giving them only an abstract of the Christian.

Be that as it may, the results to which their actual means of knowledge have led them, are far from unimportant. Thus the "New Calendar of the Thae-ping dynasty" does away with the distinction of lucky and unlucky days, and declares that "Whoever truly venerates our Heavenly Father, the "supreme Lord and great God, is under the protection of Heaven, and can engage in his duties whensoever he thinks proper. Every season, therefore, "may be considered as prosperous and favourable." "Speak," they say, "of the world, according to its "divisions, and we have all the separate nations; "speak of it as a whole, and it is one family. The "great God is the Universal Father of all under "heaven, China is under his Government and care; "foreign nations are the same. There are many "men under heaven, but all are brothers. There "are many women under heaven, but all are sisters." They receive the Ten Commandments, reverencing especially the seventh. The following "Prayer for a penitent sinner," is marked by calm beauty:

> "I thine unworthy son (or daughter) kneeling down upon the ground, with a true heart repent of my sins, and pray thee the great God (Shang-te) our Heavenly Father, of thrice infinite goodness and mercy, to forgive my former ignorance and frequent transgressions of the Divine commands: earnestly beseeching thee of thy great favour, to pardon all my former sins, and enable me to repent and lead a new life so that my soul may ascend to heaven. May I from henceforth sincerely repent and forsake my evil ways, not worshipping corrupt spirit (Shin) nor practising perverse things, but obeying thy divine commands. I also sincerely pray thee, the great God our Heavenly Father, constantly to bestow on me thy Holy Spirit and change my wicked heart. Never again allow me to be deceived by malignant demons; but perpetually regarding me with favour, forever deliver me from the evil one. And every day bestowing on me food and clothing, exempt me from [illegible] present world and enjoyment of endless happiness in heaven; through the merits of our Saviour and Heavenly Brother the Lord Jesus who redeemed us from sin. I also pray the great God our Father who is in heaven, that his will may be done on earth as it is in heaven. That thou wouldest look down and grant this request, is my heart's sincere desire."

The above is an extract from "the book of religious "precepts of the Thae-ping-wang dynasty." Again, it is said, "Those whose minds have been deluded "by the devil, object and say, that the Great God is "only to be worshipped by sovereign princes. But "we wish you to know that the Great God (Shang-te) is the universal Father of all men throughout "the world. Sovereigns are those of his children "whom he clothes with power, but the good are "those of his children who most resemble him."

The Bishop informs us that a "recent visitor, an "American medical missionary, relates of the insurgent forces within the city of Chin-keang, that "among them the Sabbath was kept holy (although "by an astronomical error in their calendar, they "kept as such the seventh instead of the first day "of the week), public religious services were regularly held; appointed officers, like Cromwell's "generals of old, preached to the troops; and the "general signs of order, morality, and decorum prevailed. At each dawn of day, the rebel garrison "assembled for prayer in the various military guard-houses; and there, to the sound of native music, "they sang hymns, chants, and doxologies to the "Trinity, all kneeling devoutly in prayer to the Almighty. The use of the word "Trinity" here must be attributed to our missionary, for according to Dr. LEGGE, the creed of the insurgents themselves is, "The Great Supreme God is God. It is enough "that the lords of this world be called kings. It "cannot be permitted them to infringe at all on the "divine appellation. Jesus, the Saviour of the world "was the heir-son of God, and yet he is only called "Lord. Now, in heaven alone, or earth beneath, "who among men is greater than Jesus? If Jesus "cannot be called God, what man is he that will "shamelessly arrogate this title?" And in a passage quoted by the Bishop, there is a marked distinction made between God and Christ:

> "'The great God, he is God (Te.) The monarchs of this world may be called kings, and that is all.' 'The great God (Shang Te) our heavenly Father and Supreme Lord, is omniscient, omnipotent, and omnipresent, the Supreme over all. There is not an individual who is not produced and cherished by Him. He is *Shang* (Supreme). He is *Te* (Potentate). Besides the great God (Shang-te) our heavenly Father and Supreme Lord, there is no one who can be called *Shang*, and no one can be called *Te*. Therefore from hence- [illegible] *Lord*, and that [illegible] officers may designate us your [illegible] least you should encroach upon the designation of our heavenly Father. Our heavenly Father is our Holy Father, and our celestial elder brother is our holy Lord the Saviour of the world. Hence our heavenly Father and our celestial elder Brother alone are *holy*, and from henceforth all you soldiers and officers may designate us your *Lord*, and that is all; but you must not call me holy, least you encroach upon the designation of our heavenly Father and celestial elder Brother.'"

And in the second of the "Odes for Youth," as quoted by Dr. LEGGE, we read:

> "Jesus, His heir-son,
> God sent in former time,
> And to redeem us from sin, he willingly gave up his life;
> His merit is first all to be acknowledged.
> On the cross he suffered;
> The sorrowing clouds darkened the sun;
> The honourable, noble child of heaven
> Died for you sons of men.
> After his resurrection, he again ascended to heaven,
> Where in glory he grasps universal power.
> If we know how to rely on him,
> We shall be saved, and ascend to high heaven."

There are not many Unitarians who would object to repeat this apostolic creed.

These insurgents appear to have a strong impression of a personal conflict continually waged by them with the devil. Indeed, if we think of LUTHER and the Puritans, we shall be inclined to conclude that this is an ordinary phenomenon with religious zealots, responsive to the intensity of whose feelings the abstraction, sin, personifies itself, and rises in threatening antagonism. Such are the main body of the Chinese insurgents, as depicted by trustworthy authorities. Of course, what is said of them is not applicable to all. As elsewhere, there will be hypocrites and political adventurers. Nor are we to confound with them the members of the Triad Society, who have lately captured Amoy and Shanghae, who are addicted to idol-worship and opium smoking, against both of which the true followers of the Chinese Prophet wage a war of extermination. These have endeavoured to shelter themselves under the banner of the Christian insurgents, and have issued one of their religious proclamations; but they have not been recognised by them, and are to be carefully distinguished. We think, with both of our authorities, that the accounts which we receive of the genuine movement are suggestive far more of hope than apprehension. Where such views as those which we have quoted above are authoritatively received and acted on by earnest men, we cannot but regard with comparative indifference the attendant alloy. A more intimate acquaintance with the Christian Scriptures may remove much of what is obnoxious to their present views. We only trust that a nearer acquaintance with Christians may not have a deteriorating effect on the purity of their morals and the simplicity of their faith.—(London) *Inquirer*.

A BLACK HERO.

THE Pernambucana, one of the vessels of the Brazilian Steam Packet Company was wrecked near St. Katherine's, on the 11th of Oct., and upwards of 40 of her passengers were drowned. This disaster afforded opportunity for a display of heroism and bravery rarely equalled. A black sailor, belonging to the vessel, succeeded with many others in reaching the shore, numbers had perished in the attempt, and but few of the passengers remained upon the wreck. All of these, including a mother and six children, did Simao save. Twelve times had this noble fellow swam through the furious breakers, on the coast, and each time returned bringing a victim from destruction; then wearied, as he well might be, from his almost superhuman efforts, he threw himself exhausted upon the sands, when a cry was raised that one human being still remained upon the wreck. No one was hardy enough to attempt the rescue of the poor passenger, a blind man, whose piteous cries for succour were faintly heard on shore. But Simao again dived into the furious surf, reached the vessel, and brought the poor blind man safely to land, thus saving, by his noble and unaided exertions, no less than 13 lives.

The shipwrecked passengers, together with the saviour of so large a number of them, arrived at Rio Janeiro in the Guapiassu steamer, and it is pleasing to add that the Brazilians were by no means slow in marking their appreciation of, and rewarding, this heroic action. A subscription was opened in the Praca do Commercio, and the amount subscribed in two days exceeded seven contos of reis, or about £800. The Emperor and the Empress of the Brazils contributed 900 milreis, and the total amount already received approaches to £1,000. In addition by the correspondent of the *Daily News*. The promoters of the subscription, persons of great influence and respectability, brought the black to the Praca do Commercio, not merely to gratify the curiosity of those who were anxious to see one become so celebrated, but to afford any information which parties connected with the victims or survivors might require. The director of the month, who unfortunately was an Englishman, objected to the presence of a black in the *sala*, and in spite of the remonstrances of all present, insisted upon his immediate removal! This arbitrary proceeding has called forth some severe articles in the public papers, and it is provoking that one of us, who pretend to so much philanthropy for the race, should have shown so much prejudice against the colour. This heroic fellow, with whom the Emperor of the Brazils expressed himself proud to shake hands, was driven from the Exchange because he was an African! And by an Englishman!—*English Paper*.

THE SQUIRE'S STORY.

IN the year seventeen hundred and sixty-nine, the little town of Barford was thrown into a state of great excitement by the intelligence that a gentleman (and "quite the gentleman," said the landlord of the George Inn) had been looking at Mr. Clavering's old house. This house was neither in the town nor in the country. It stood on the outskirts of Barford, on the road-side leading to Derby. The last occupant had been a Mr. Clavering—a Northumberland gentleman of good family—who had come to live in Barford when he was but a younger son; but when some elder branches of the family died, he had returned to take possession of the family estate. The house of which I speak was called the White House, from its being covered with a greyish kind of stucco. It had a good garden to the back, and Mr. Cla- had built capital stables, with what were then con- [illegible] stabling was expected to let the house, as it was in a hunting county; otherwise it had few recommendations. There were many bed-rooms; some entered through others, even to the number of five, leading one beyond the other; several sitting-rooms of the small and poky kind, wainscotted round with wood, and then painted a heavy slate colour; one good dining-room, and a drawing-room over it, both looking into the garden, with pleasant bow-windows.

Such was the accommodation offered by the White House. It did not seem to be very tempting to strangers, though the good people of Barford rather piqued themselves on it, as the largest house in the town; and as a house in which "townspeople" and "county people" had often met at Mr. Clavering's friendly dinners. To appreciate this circumstance of pleasant recollection, you should have lived some years in a little country town, surrounded by gentlemen's seats. You would then understand how a bow or a courtesy from a member of a county family elevates the individuals who receive it almost as much, in their own eyes, as the pair of blue garters fringed with silver did Mr. Bickerstaff's ward. They trip lightly on air for a whole day afterwards. Now Mr. Clavering was gone, where could town and county mingle?

I mention these things that you may have an idea of the desirability of the letting of the White House in the Barfordites' imagination; and to make the mixture thick and slab, you must add for yourselves the bustle, the mystery, and the importance which every little event either causes or assumes in a small town; and then, perhaps, it will be no wonder to you that twenty ragged little urchins accompanied "the gentleman" aforesaid to the door of the White House; and that, although he was above an hour inspecting it under the auspices of Mr. Jones, the agent's clerk, thirty more had joined themselves on to the wondering crowd before his exit, and awaited such crumbs of intelligence as they could gather before they were threatened or whipped out of hearing distance. Presently out came "the gentleman" and the lawyer's clerk. The latter was speaking as he followed the former over the threshold. The gentleman was tall, well-dressed, handsome; but there was a sinister, cold look in his quick-glancing, light blue eye, which a keen observer might not have liked. There were no keen observers among the boys, and ill-conditioned gaping girls. But they stood too near, inconveniently close; and the gentleman, lifting up his right hand, in which he carried a short riding whip, dealt one or two sharp blows to the nearest, with a look of savage enjoyment on his face as they moved away whimpering and crying. An instant after, his expression of countenance had changed. [illegible] out a handful of money, partly silver, partly copper, and throwing it into the midst of them. "Scramble for it! fight it out, my lads! come this afternoon, at three, to the George, and I'll throw you out some more." So the boys hurrahed for him as he walked off with the agent's clerk. He chuckled to himself, as over a pleasant thought. "I'll have some fun with those lads," he said; "I'll teach 'em to come prowling and prying about me. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make the money so hot on the fire-shovel that it shall burn their fingers. You come and see the faces and the howling. I shall be very glad if you will dine with me at two; and by that time I may have made up my mind about the house."

Mr. Jones, the agent's clerk, agreed to come to the George at two, but, somehow, he had a distaste for his entertainer. Mr. Jones would not like to have said, even to himself, that a man with a purse full of money, who kept many horses, and spoke familiarly of noblemen—above all, who thought of taking the White House—could be anything but a gentleman; but still the uneasy wonder as to who this Mr. Robinson could be, filled the clerk's mind long after Mr. Higgins, Mr. Higgins's servants, and Mr. Higgins's stud, had taken possession of the White House.

The White House was re-stuccoed (this time of a pale yellow colour), and put into thorough repair by the accommodating and delighted landlord; while his tenant seemed inclined to spend any amount of money on internal decorations, which were showy and effective in their character, enough to make the White House a nine days' wonder to the good people of Barford. The slate-coloured paints became pink, and were picked out gold; the old-fashioned banisters were replaced by newly gilt ones; but above all, the stables were a sight to be seen. Since the days of the Roman Emperor never was there such provision made for the care, the comfort and the health of horses. But every one said it was no wonder, when they were led through Barford, covered up to their eyes, but curving their arched and delicate necks, and prancing with short high steps, in repressed eagerness. Only one groom came with them; yet they required the care of three men. Mr. Higgins, however, preferred engaging two lads out of Barford; and Barford highly approved of his preference. Not only was it kind and thoughtful to give employment to the lounging lads themselves, but they were receiving such a training in Mr. Higgins's stables as might fit them for Doncaster or Newmarket. The district of Derbyshire in which Barford was situated was too close to Leicestershire not to support a hunt and a pack of hounds. The master of the hounds was a certain Sir Harry Manley, who was *aut* a huntsman *aut nullus*. He measured a man by "the length of his fork," not by the expression of his countenance, or the shape of his head. But as Sir Harry was wont to observe, there was such a thing as too long a fork, so his approbation was withheld until he had seen a man on horseback; and if his seat there was square and easy, his hand light, and his courage good, Sir Harry hailed him as a brother.

Mr. Higgins attended the first meet of the season, not as a subscriber, but as an amateur. The Barford huntsmen piqued themselves on their bold riding; and their knowledge of the country came by nature; yet this new strange man, whom nobody knew, was in at the death sitting on his horse, both well breathed and calm, without a hair turned on the sleek skin of the latter, supremely addressing the old huntsman as he hacked off the tail of the fox; and he, the old man, who was testy even under Sir Harry's slightest rebuke, and flew out on any member of the hunt that dared to utter a word against his sixty years' experience as stable-boy, groom, poacher, and what not—he, old Isaac Wormeley, was meekly listening to the wisdom of this stranger, only now and then giving one of his quick, up-turning, cunning glances, not unlike the sharp o'er-canny looks of the poor deceased Reynard, round whom the hounds were howling, unadmonished by the short whip, which was now tucked into Wormeley's well-worn pocket. When Sir Harry rode into the copse—full of dead brushwood and wet tangled grass—and was followed by the members of the hunt, as one by one they cantered past, Mr. Higgins took off his cap and bowed—half deferentially, half insolently—with a lurking smile in the corner of his eye at the discomfited looks of one or two of the laggards. "A famous run, sir," said Sir Harry. "The first time you have hunted in our country, but I hope we shall see you often."

"I hope to become a member of the hunt, sir," Gate, I fancy; while some of our friends here"—scowling at one or two cowards by the way of finishing his speech. "Allow me to introduce myself—master of the hounds"—he fumbled in his waistcoat pocket for the card on which his name was formally inscribed. "Some of our friends here are kind enough to come home with me to dinner; might I ask for the honour?"

"My name is Higgins," replied the stranger, bowing low. "I am only lately come to occupy the White House at Barford, and I have not as yet presented my letters of introduction."

"Hang it!" replied Sir Harry; "a man with a seat like yours, and that good brush in your hand, might ride up to any door in the county (I am a Leicestershire man!), and be a welcome guest. Mr. Higgins, I shall be proud to become better acquainted with you over my dinner table."

Mr. Higgins knew pretty well how to improve the acquaintance thus begun. He could sing a good song, tell a good story, and was well up in practical jokes; with plenty of that keen worldly sense, which seems like an instinct in some men, and which in this case taught him on whom he might play off such jokes with impunity from their resentment, and with a security of applause from the more boisterous, vehement, or prosperous. At the end of twelve months Mr. Robinson Higgins was, out-and-out, the most popular member of Barford hunt; had beaten all the others by a couple of lengths, as his first patron, Sir Harry, observed one evening, when they were just leaving the dinner-table of an old hunting squire in the neighbourhood.

"Because you know," said Squire Hearn, holding Sir Harry by the button—"I mean, you see, this young spark is looking sweet upon Catherine; and she's a good girl, and will have ten thousand [illegible] not like [illegible] my girl to throw herself away."

Though Sir Harry had a long ride before him, and but the early and short light of a new moon to take it in, his kind heart was so much touched by Squire Hearn's trembling, tearful anxiety, that he stopped, and turned back into the dining-room to say, with more asseverations than I care to give:

"My good Squire, I may say, I know that man pretty well by this time; and a better fellow never existed. If I had twenty daughters, he should have the pick of them."

Squire Hearn never thought of asking the grounds for his old friend's opinion of Mr. Higgins; it had been given with too much earnestness for any doubts to cross the old man's mind as to the possibility of its not being well founded. Mr. Hearn was not a doubter or a thinker, or suspicious by nature; it was simply his love for Catherine, his only child, that prompted his anxiety in this case; and after what Sir Harry had said, the old man could totter with an easy mind, though not with very steady legs, into the drawing-room, where his bonny blushing daughter Catherine and Mr. Higgins stood close together on the hearth-rug—he whispering, she listening with downcast eyes. She looked so happy, so like her dead mother had looked when the Squire was a young man, that all his thought was how to please her most. His son and heir was about to be married, and bring his wife to live with the Squire; Barford and the White House were not distant an hour's ride; and, even as these thoughts passed through his mind, he asked Mr. Higgins if he could not stay all night—the young moon was already set—the roads would be dark—and Catherine looked up with a pretty anxiety, which, however, had not much doubt in it, for the answer.

With every encouragement of this kind from the old Squire, it took everybody rather by surprise when one morning it was discovered that Miss Catherine Hearn was missing; and when according to the usual fashion in such cases, a note was found, saying that she had eloped with "the man of her heart," and gone to Gretna Green, no one could imagine why she could not quietly have stopped at home and been married in the parish church. She had always been a romantic, sentimental girl; very pretty, and very affectionate, and very much spoiled, and very much wanting in common sense. Her indulgent father was deeply hurt at this want of confidence in his never-varying affection; but when his son came, hot with indignation from the Baronet's (his future father-in-law's house, where every form of law and ceremony was to accompany his own impending marriage), Squire Hearn pleaded the cause of the young couple with imploring cogency, and protested that it was a piece of spirit in his daughter, which he admired and was proud of. However, it ended with Mr. Nathaniel Hearn's declaring that he and his wife would have nothing [illegible] sister and her husband. "Wait till you've seen him, Nat!" said the old Squire trembling with his distressful anticipations of family discord, "He's an excuse for any girl. Only ask Harry's opinion of him." "Confound Sir Harry! So that a man sits his horse well, Sir Harry cares nothing about anything else. Who is this man—this fellow? Where does he come from? What are his means? Who are his family?"

"He comes from the south—Surrey or Somersetshire, I forget which; and he pays his way well and liberally. There's not a tradesman in Barford but says he cares no more for money than for water; he spends like a prince, Nat. I don't know who his family are, but he seals with a coat of arms, which may tell you if you want to know—and he goes regularly to collect his rents from his estates at the South. Oh, Nat! if you would but be friendly, I should be as well pleased with Kitty's marriage as any father in the country."

Mr. Nathaniel Hearn gloomed, and muttered an oath or two to himself. The poor old father was reaping the consequences of his weak indulgence to his two children. Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Hearn kept apart from Catherine and her husband; and Squire Hearn durst never ask them to Levison Hall, though it was his own house. Indeed, he stole away as if he were a culprit whenever he went to visit the White House; and if he passed a night there, he was fain to equivocate when he returned home the next day; an equivocation which was well interpreted by the surly, proud Nathaniel. But the younger Mr. and Mrs. Hearn were the only people who did not visit at the White House. Mr. and Mrs. Higgins were decidedly more popular than their brother and sister-in-law. She made a very pretty sweet-tempered hostess, and her education had not been such as to make her intolerant of any want of refinement in the associates who gathered round her husband. She had gentle smiles for towns-people as well as country people; and unconsciously played an admirable second in her husband's project of making himself universally popular.

But there is some one to make ill-natured remarks, and draw ill-natured conclusions from very simple premises, in every place: and in Barford this bird of ill-omen was a Miss Pratt. She did not hunt—so Mr. Higgins's admirable riding did not call out her admiration. She did not drink—so the well-selected wines, so lavishly dispensed among his guests, could never mollify Miss Pratt. She could not bear comic songs, or buffo stories—so, in that way, her approbation was impregnable. And these three secrets of popularity constituted Mr. Higgins's great charm. Miss Pratt sat and watched. Her face looked immoveably grave at the end of any of Mr. Higgins's best stories: but there was a keen, needle like glance of her unwinking little eyes, which Mr. Higgins felt rather than saw, and which made him shiver, even on a hot day, when it fell upon him. Miss Pratt was a dissenter, and, to propitiate this female Mordecai, Mr. Higgins asked the dissenting minister whose services she attended to dinner; kept himself and his company in good order; gave a handsome donation to the poor of the chapel. All in vain—Miss Pratt stirred not a muscle more of her face towards graciousness; and Mr. Higgins was conscious that in spite of all his open efforts to captivate Mr. Davis, there was a secret influence on the other side, throwing in doubts and suspicions, and evil interpretations of all he said or did. Miss Pratt, the little plain old maid, living on eighty pounds a year, was the thorn in the popular Mr. Higgins's side, although she had not spoken one uncivil word to him; indeed, on the contrary, had treated him with a stiff and elaborate civility.

The thorn—the grief to Mrs. Higgins was this. They had no children! Oh! how she would stand and envy the careless busy motion of half-a-dozen children; and then, when observed, move on with a deep, deep sigh of yearning regret. But it was as well.

It was noticed that Mr. Higgins was remarkably careful of his health. He ate, drank, took exercise, rested, by some secret rules of his own; occasionally bursting into an excess, it is true, but only on rare occasions—such as when he returned from visiting his estates in the south and collecting his rents. That unusual exertion and fatigue—for there were no stage coaches within forty miles of Barford, and he, like most country gentlemen of that day, would have preferred riding if there had been—seemed to require some strange excess to compensate for it; and rumours went through the town, that he shut himself up, and drank enormously for some days after his return. But no one was admitted to these orgies. was found in a part of the wild heath, which was beginning to be enclosed by a few of the more wealthy towns-people, who were desirous of building themselves houses rather more in the country than those they had hitherto lived in. Among these the principal was a Mr. Dudgeon, the attorney of Barford, and the agent for all the country families about. The firm of Dudgeon had managed the leases, the marriage settlements, and the wills, of the neighbourhood for generations. Mr. Dudgeon's father had the responsibility of collecting the land-owner's rents just as the present Mr. Dudgeon had at the time of which I speak: and as his son and his son's son have done since. The business was a hereditary estate to them; and with something of the old feudal feeling, was mixed a kind of proud humility at their position towards the squire whose family secrets they had mastered, and the mysteries of whose fortunes and estates were better known to the Messrs. Dudgeon than to themselves.

Mr. John Dudgeon had built himself a house on Wildbury Heath; a mere cottage, as he called it; but though only two stories high, it spread out far and wide, and work-people from Derby had been sent for on purpose to make the inside as complete as possible. The gardens too were exquisite in arrangement, if not very extensive; and not a flower was grown in them but of the rarest species. It must have been somewhat of a mortification to the owner of this dainty place when, on the day of which I speak, the fox, after a long race, during which he had described a circle of many miles, took refuge in the garden; but Mr. Dudgeon put a good face on the matter when a gentleman hunter, with the careless insolence of the [illegible] asked permission—no! that is not it—rather, informed Mr. Dudgeon of their intention—to enter the garden in a body, and have the fox unearthed. Mr. Dudgeon compelled himself to smile assent, with the grace of a masculine Griselda; and then he hastily gave order to have all that the house afforded of provisions set out for luncheon, guessing rightly enough that six hours' run would give even homely fare an acceptable welcome. He bore without wincing the entrance of the dirty boots into his exquisitely clean rooms; he only felt grateful for the care with which Mr. Higgins strode about, laboriously and noiselessly moving on the tip of his toes, as he reconnoitred the rooms with a curious eye.

"I'm going to build a house myself, Dudgeon; and, upon my word, I don't think I could take a better model than yours."

"Oh! my poor cottage would be too small to afford any hints for such a house as you would wish to build, Mr. Higgins," replied Mr. Dudgeon, gently rubbing his hands nevertheless at the compliment.

"Not at all! not at all! Let me see. You have dining-room, drawing-room"—he hesitated, and Mr. Dudgeon filled up the blank as he expected.

"Four sitting-rooms and the bed-rooms. But allow me to show you over the house. I confess I took some pains in arranging it, and though far smaller than what you would require, it may nevertheless afford you some hints."

So they left the eating gentlemen with their mouths and their plates quite full, and the scent of the fox overpowering that of the hasty rashers of ham; and they carefully inspected all the ground-floor rooms. Then Mr. Dudgeon said:

"If you are not tired, Mr. Higgins—it is rather my hobby, so you must pull me up if you are—we will go up stairs and I will show you my sanctum."

Mr. Dudgeon's sanctum was the centre room over the porch, which formed a balcony, and which was carefully filled with choice flowers in pots. Inside, there were all kinds of elegant contrivances for hiding the real strength of all the boxes and chests required by the particular nature of Mr. Dudgeon's business; for although his office was in Barford, he kept (as he informed Mr. Higgins) what was the most valuable here, as being safer than an office which was locked up and left every night. But, as Mr. Higgins reminded him with a sly poke in the side, when next they met, his own house was not over secure. A fortnight after the gentlemen of the Barford hunt lunched there, Mr. Dudgeon's strong-box, in his sanctum up stairs, with the mysterious spring bolt to the window invented by himself, and the secret of which was only known to the inventor and a few of the most intimate friends, to whom he had proudly shown it; this strong-box containing the collected Christmas rents of half a dozen landlords (there was then no bank nearer than Derby), was rifled; and the secretly rich Mr. Dudgeon had to stop his agent in his purchase of paintings by Fleming artists, because the money was required to make good the missing rents.

The Dogberries and Verges of those days were quite incapable of obtaining any clue to the robber or robbers; and though one or two vagrants were taken up and brought before Mr. Dunover and Mr. Higgins, the magistrates who usually attended in the court-room at Barford, there was no evidence brought against them, and after a couple of nights' durance in the lock-ups they were set at liberty. But it became a standing joke with Mr. Higgins to ask Mr. Dudgeon, from time to time, whether he could recommend him a place of safety for his valuables; or, if he had made any more inventions lately for securing houses from robbers.

About two years after this time—about seven years after Mr. Higgins had been married—one Tuesday evening, Mr. Davis was sitting reading the news in the coffee-room of the George-inn. He belonged to a club of gentlemen who met there occasionally to play at whist, to read what few newspapers and magazines were published in those days, to chat about the market at Derby, and prices all over the country. This Tuesday night it was a black frost; and few people were in the room. Mr. Davis was anxious to finish an article in the *Gentleman's Magazine*; indeed, he was making extracts from it, intending to answer it, and yet unable with his small income to purchase a copy. So he staid late; it was past nine, and at ten o'clock the room was closed. But while he wrote, Mr. Higgins came in. He was pale and haggard with cold; Mr. Davis, who had had for some time sole possession of the fire, moved politely on one side, and handed to the new comer the sole London newspaper which the room afforded. Mr. Higgins accepted it, and made some remark on the intense coldness of the weather; but Mr. Davis was too full of his article, and intended reply, to fall into conversation readily. Mr. Higgins hitched his chair nearer to the fire, and put his feet on the fender, giving an audible shudder. He put the newspaper on one end of the table near him, and sat gazing into the red embers of the fire, crouching down over them as if his very marrow were chilled. At length he said:

"There is no account of the murder at Bath in that paper?" Mr. Davis, who had finished taking his notes, and was preparing to go, stopped short, and asked:

"Has there been a murder at Bath? No! I have not seen anything of it—who was murdered?"

"Oh! it was a shocking, terrible murder!" said Mr. Higgins, not raising his look from the fire, but gazing on, his eyes dilated till the whites were seen all around them. "A terrible murder! I wonder what will become of the murderer? I can fancy the red glowing centre of that fire—look and see how infinitely distant it seems, and how the distance magnifies it into something awful and unquenchable."

"My dear sir, you are feverish; how you shake and shiver!" said Mr. Davis, thinking privately that his companion had symptoms of fever, and that he was wandering in his mind.

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Higgins. "I am not feverish. It is the night which is so cold." And for a time he talked with Mr. Davis about the articles in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for he was rather a reader himself, and could take more interest in Mr. Davis's pursuits than most of the people at Barford. At length it drew near to ten, and Mr. Davis rose up to go home to his lodgings."

"No, Davis, don't go. I wan't you here. We will have a bottle of port together, and that will put Saunders in good humour. I wan't to tell you about this murder," he continued, dropping his voice, and speaking hoarse and low. "She was an old woman and he killed her, sitting reading her Bible by her own fireside!" He looked at Mr. Davis with a strange searching gaze, as if trying to find some sympathy in the horror which the idea presented to him.

"Who do you mean, my dear sir? What is this murder you are so full of? No one has been murdered here."

"No, you fool! I tell you it was in Bath!" said Mr. Higgins, with sudden passion; and then calming himself to most velvet smoothness of manner, he laid his hand on Mr. Davis's knee, there, as they sat by the fire, and gently detaining him, began the narration of the crime he was so full of; but his voice and manner were constrained to a stony quietude: he never looked in Mr. Davis's face; once or twice, as Mr. Davis remembered afterwards, his grip tightened like a compressing vice.

"She lived in a small house in a quiet old-fashioned

gave to the poor. Mr. Davis, it is wicked
give to the poor—wicked—wicked, is it no
always give to the poor, for once I read in the
that 'Charity covereth a multitude of sins.'
wicked old woman never gave, but hoarded
money, and saved, and saved. Some one hea
it; I say she threw a temptation in his way, an
will punish her for it. And this man—or it m
be a woman, who knows?—and this person—
also that she went to church in the morning
her maid in the afternoon; and so—while the
was at church, and the street and the house
still, and the darkness of a winter afternoon co
on—she was nodding over the Bible—and that,
you! is a sin, and one that God will avenge s
or later; and a step came in the dusk up the
and that person I told you of, stood in the r
At first he—no! At first, it is supposed—for
understand, all this is mere guess work, it is sup
that he asked her civilly enough to give hi
money, or tell where it was; but the old miser
him, and would not ask for mercy and give u
keys, even when he threatened her, but looke
him in the face as if he had been a baby—Oh,
Mr. Davis, I once dreamt when I was a little
cent boy that I should commit a crime like thi
I wakened up crying; and my mother comfort
—that is the reason I tremble so now, that an
cold, for it is very, very cold!"
"But did he murder the old lady?" asked
Davis. "I beg your pardon, sir, but I am int
by your story."
"Yes! he cut her [illegible] this wine is no better than wa
I must have some brandy!"
Mr. Davis was horror-struck by the story, w
seemed to have fascinated him as much as it
done his companion.
"Have they got any clue to the murderer?"
he. Mr Higgins drank down half a tumbl
raw brandy before he answered.
"No! no clue whatever. They will never be
to discover him, and I should not wonder—Mr.
—I should not wonder if he repented after all
did bitter penance for his crime; and if so
there be mercy for him at the last day?"
"God knows," said Mr. Davis with solem
"It is an awful story," continued he, rousing
self; "I hardly like to leave this warm light
and go out into the darkness after hearing it.
it must be done," buttoning on his great coat
can only say I hope and trust they will find
murderer, and hang him. If you'll take my a
you'll have your bed warmed, and drink a t
posset just the last thing; and, if you'll allo
I'll send you my answer to Philologus before
up to old Urban."
The next morning Mr. Davis went to call o
Pratt, who was not very well; and by way of
agreeable and entertaining, he related to her
heard the night before about the murder in
and really he made a very pretty connected
out of it, and interested Miss Pratt very much
fate of the old lady—partly because of a sim
in their situations; for she also hoarded mone
had but one servant, and stopped at home al
Sunday afternoons to allow her servant to
church.
"And when did all this happen?" she ask
"I don't know if Mr. Higgins named th
and yet I think it must have been this very
day."
"And to-day is Wednesday. Ill news
fast."
"Yes, Mr. Higgins thought it might have
the London newspaper."
"That it could never be. Where did Mr.
learn all about it?"
"I don't know, I did not ask; I think he or
home yesterday: he had been south to co
rents, somebody said."
Miss Pratt grunted. She used to vent he
and suspicions of Mr. Higgins in a grunt w
his name was mentioned.
"Well, I shan't see you for some days.
Merton has asked me to go and stay with h
his sister; and I think it will do me go
sides," added she, "these winter evenin
these murderers at large in the country
quite like living with only Peggy to call t
of need."
Miss Pratt went to stay with her cousin M
ton. He was an active magistrate, and enj
reputation as such. One day he came in
just received his letters.
"Bad account of the Morals of your li
here, Jessy!" said he, touching one of hi
"You've either a murderer among you,
friend of a murderer. Here's a poor old
Bath had her throat cut last Sunday week
a letter from the Home Office, asking to l
'my very efficient aid,' as they are please
it, towards finding out the culprit. It s
must have been thirsty, and of a comforta
turn; for before going to his horrid work h
a barrel of ginger wine the old lady had
work; and he wrapped the spigot round
piece of a letter taken out of his pocket, a
supposed; and this piece of a letter w
afterwards; there are only these letters
outside, '*ns, Esq*, *-arford*, *-egworth*,' wh
one has ingeniously made out to mean
near Kegworth. On the other side
some allusion to a race-horse, I conjecture
the name is singular enough; 'Church-a
and-down-with-the-Rump.'"
Miss Pratt caught at this name immed
had hurt her feeling as a dissenter o
months ago, and she remembered it well.
"Mr. Nat Hearn has—or had (as I am
in the witness-box, as it were, I must ta
my tenses), a horse with that ridiculous n
"Mr. Nat Hearn," repeated Mr. Merton
a note of the intelligence; then he recur
letter from the Home Office again.
"There is also a piece of a small key,
the futile attempt to open a desk—w
Nothing of more consequence. The lette
we must rely upon."
"Mr. Davis said that Mr. Higgins tol
Miss Pratt began.
"Higgins!" exclaimed Mr. Merton, "
Higgins, the blustering fellow that ran a
Nat Hearn's sister?"
"Yes!" said Miss Pratt. "But thoug
never been a favourite of mine—"
"*ns*," repeated Mr. Merton. "It is to
to think of; a member of the hunt—kind
Hearn's son-in-law! Who else have you i
with names that end in *ns*?"
"There's Jackson, and Higginson, and
sop, and Davis, and Jones. Cousin!
strikes me—how did Mr. Higgins know a
to tell Mr. Davis on Tuesday what had ha
Sunday afternoon?"
There is no need to add much mor
curious in lives of the highwaymen may
name of Higgins as conspicuous among th
as that of Claude Duval. Kate Hearn's
collected his rents on the highway, like m
"gentlemen" of the day; but having bee
in one or two of his adventures, and hearin
rated accounts of the hoarded wealth o
lady at Bath, he was led on from robbery t
and was hung for his crime at Derby, in
hundred and seventy-five.
He had not been an *unkind husband*
poor wife took lodgings in Derby to be ne
his last moments; his awful last moments
father went with her everywhere but into
band's cell; and wrung her heart by cons
cusing himself of having promoted her
with a man of whom he knew so little.
cated his squireship in favour of his son
Nat. was prosperous, and the helpless s
could be of no use to him; but to hi
daughter the foolish fond old man was
her knight, her protector, her companion
faithful loving companion. Only he eve
assuming the office of her counsellor—sh
head sadly, and saying—
"Ah! Kate, Kate! if I had had more
have advised thee better, thou need'st not
an exile here in Brussels, shrinking from
of every English person as if they knew t
I saw the White House not a month ag
to let, perhaps for the twentieth time
Higgins occupied it; but still the traditio
Barford that once upon a time a highway
there, and amassed untold treasures; and
ill-gotten wealth yet remains walled up in
known concealed chamber; but in what p
house no one knows.
Will any of you become tenants and
out this mysterious closet? I can furnish
address to any applicant who wishes for
hold Words.

It costs half a million dollars a year
Peter's Church, at Rome, in repair.

Eleven thousand copies of Alexand